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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1917

Three Poems

By D. H. Lawrence

The Sea

You, you are all unloving, loveless, you;
Restless and lonely, shaken by your own moods;
You are celibate and single, scorning a comrade even,
Threshing your own passions with no woman for the threshing-floor,
Finishing your dreams for your own sake only,
Playing your great game around the world, alone,
Without playmate, or helpmate, having no one to cherish,
No one to comfort, and refusing any comforter.

Not like the earth, the spouse all full of increase,
Moiled over with the rearing of her many-mouthed young;
You are single, you are fruitless, phosphorescent-cold and callous,
Naked of worship, of love, or of adornment,
Scorning the panacea even of labour,
Sworn to a high and splendid purposelessness
Of brooding and delighting in the secret of life's goings,
Sea, only you are free, you alone unbroken.

You who toil not, you who spin not,
Surely but for you and your like, toiling
Were not worth while, nor spinning worth the effort.

You who take the moon as in a sieve, and sift
Her flake by flake and spread her meaning out;
You who roll the stars like jewels in your palm
So that they seem to utter themselves aloud;
You who steep from out the days their colour,
Reveal the universal tint that dyes
Their web; who shadow the sun's great gestures and expressions
So that he seems a stranger in his passing;
Who voice the dumb night fittingly;
Oh, sea, you twilight of all things, is it daybreak you are, or nightfall?

Constancy of a Sort

My love lies underground
With her face upturned to mine,
And her mouth unclosed in a last long kiss
That ended her life and mine.

I dance at a Christmas party
Under the mistletoe
Along with a ripe, slack country lass
Jostling to and fro.

The big, soft country lass
Like a loose sheaf of wheat
Slipped through my arms on the threshing-floor
At my feet.

The warm, soft country lass,
Sweet as an armful of wheat
At threshing-time broken, was broken
For me, and, ah, it was sweet!

Now I am going home
Fulfilled and alone,
I see the great Orion standing
Looking down.

He's the star of my first beloved
Love-making;
The witness of all the bitter-sweet
Heart-aching.

Now he sees this as well,
This last commission.
Nor do I get any look
Of admonition.

He can add the reckoning up,
I suppose, between now and then,
Having walked himself in the thorny, difficult
Ways of men.

He has done as I have done
No doubt;
Remembered and forgotten,
Turn and about.

My love lies underground
With her face upturned to mine,
And her mouth unclosed in the last long kiss
That ended her life and mine.

She walks in the stark, immortal
Fields of death;
I in these goodly, frozen
Fields beneath.

Something in me remembers
And will not forget.
The stream of my life on the darkness
Deathward set!

And something in me has forgotten
Has ceased to care.
Desire comes up, and contentment
Is debonair.

I, who am worn and careful,
How much do I care?
How is it I grin then and chuckle
Over despair?

Grief, grief, I suppose, and sufficient.
Grief makes us free
To be faithful and faithless together,
As it has to be.

Frost Flowers

It is not long since, here among all these folk
in London, I should have held myself
of no account whatever,
but should have stood aside and made them way,
thinking that they, perhaps,
had more right than I—for who was I?

Now I see them just the same, and watch them.
But of what account do I hold them?

Especially the young women. I look at them
as they dart and flash
before the shops, like wagtails on the edge of a pool.

If I pass them close, or any man,
like sharp, slim wagtails they flash a little aside
pretending to avoid us; yet all the time
calculating.

They think that we adore them.—Alas, would it
were true!
Probably they think all men adore them
howsoever they pass by.

What is it, from their faces fresh as spring
such fair, fresh, alert, first-flower faces,
like lavender crocuses, snowdrops, like Roman
hyacinths,
scyllas and yellow-haired hellebore, jonquils, dim
anemones,
even the sulphur auriculas,
flowers that come first from the darkness, and feel
cold to the touch,
flowers scentless or pungent, ammoniacal almost;

what is it, that, from the faces of the fair young
women
comes like a pungent scent, a vibration beneath
that startles me, alarms me, stirs up a repulsion?

They are the issue of acrid winter, these first-flower
young women;
their scent is lacerating and repellent;
it smells of burning snow, of hot-ache,
of earth, winter-pressed, strangled in corruption,
it is the scent of the fiery-cold dregs of corruption,
when destruction soaks and soaks through the
mortified, decomposing earth,
and the last fires of corruption burn in the bosom of
the ground.

They are the flowers of ice-vivid mortification,
frost-cold, ice-corrupt blossoms,
with a loveliness I loathe;
for what kind of ice-rotten, hot-aching heart must
they need to root in!

The Poet and His Audience

By Sir Henry Newbolt

THE track of thought which I am about to follow started originally from a conversation on Shakespeare. It was impressed upon me by a very distinguished poet that in the plays, and especially in the comedies, there are passages which offend and must always have offended against good taste. The accusation was based, not upon a conventional standard of taste, but upon a true one. It was not merely that certain scenes and dialogues are at variance with our present notions of decorum, but that they could only be acceptable, or even tolerable, to a nature lacking in sensibility. There could be clearly no question of Shakespeare's own sensibility: the painful inference was that in these scenes he was violating his own nature in response to a demand from outside, that he was, in fact, playing down to the lowest section of his audience.

The example chiefly discussed on that occasion was the fifth act of "Measure for Measure," and it is certainly a striking one. The plot, it will be remembered, is wound up by the arrangement of no less than four marriages, two voluntary and natural, two compulsory and penal. One of these last, the marriage of Angelo and Mariana, important persons in the story, is not only repulsive, but it is repulsive in exactly the degree in which the play is successful in exhibiting the character of Angelo as a villain past hope. We have known other characters in these plays who have done wrong and yet have been forgiven without too much violence to our feelings. Leontes, the jealous and tyrannical husband in the "Winter's Tale"; Oliver, the murderously cruel brother in "As You Like It"; Proteus, the treacherous friend and lover in "Two Gentlemen of Verona"—the conversion of these we are just able to accept as a return to their better selves. But Angelo, as he is shown to us in this play, is an unmixed character; he

has no better self: it is not his crimes only that are held up to our detestation, but his whole nature. "This outward-sainted Deputy . . . is yet a devil." "They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation"—he is at once both cold and sensual, hypocritical and cruel. His course of action, when he is raised to power for a short time by the Duke's supposed absence, proves his natural vileness and forms the basis of the plot. He is defeated by means of the lady to whom he had been betrothed five years before, but whom he had repudiated upon the loss of her dowry. She is a slight but singularly romantic figure, Mariana of the Moated Grange. Shakespeare introduces her with one of his most exquisite songs, and unquestionably means her to engage our sympathies. Yet in the end he pairs her off with Angelo, telling us that she "hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly."

This is natural enough, even sympathetic. But that unjust unkindness of five years ago has been followed by a far more hideous exposure: Angelo has shown himself in the course of the play to be a monster of vice and cruelty. It could only be for a thoughtless, unfeeling audience, not for Shakespeare himself, that such a union could furnish a "happy ending."

Such was the indictment, and I remember that I found it hard to answer. But the substance of it was afterwards published, and called forth a reply from an eminent Shakespearean critic. The line of defence adopted was to account for Shakespeare's bad taste by making it part of the bad taste of his age. To the Elizabethans a coarse tone in conversation and vulgar endings in plots were not repugnant as they are to us: Shakespeare was an Elizabethan, therefore these things were not repugnant to him. There is some truth in this, and so far as the coarseness of language is concerned the answer may be accepted. Plainness of speech is not contrary to nature; it is only contrary to decorum, and the standard of decorum does vary as the generations pass. But feeling is a different matter: no fashion or convention can make unkindness kind or brutality the same thing as good taste. It is in

this respect, if in any, that Shakespeare was not of an age but for all time: we can hardly foresee the generation when his work will be, in delicacy of feeling, below the standard then recognised among good men.

This, however, if my memory is accurate, was the general tenor of the reply.

The resultant feeling in my own mind is one to which both disputants have contributed. It is plain that Shakespeare who constantly shows himself moved by great subtlety and great depth of feeling, at certain points will write in disregard of such feeling, and will even patch his plot with work upon a lower level. On the other hand, I see no reason to believe that when he did this he was consciously stooping, or that he was deliberately supplying a demand. The attitude of a storyteller to his audience is primarily sympathetic, not commercial: his true intent is all for their delight, and that intent will lead him to seek at particular moments for the mood or the preference which is in common between him and them, rather than for one which would mark a difference. His desire and theirs is that the story should be kept going, and in the end finished with a word of consolation.

No doubt this is far from the view of Shakespeare held up to us by some of his commentators. Mr. Masefield, in his brilliant little book, often writes of the plays as if they were deliberately intended to illustrate certain preconceived ideas. For him the "subject" of each play is not a story or a character, but an abstract idea or doctrine; he even goes so far as to speak of Shakespeare's "scheme," and of his "resolve to do not 'the nearest thing,' precious to human sheep, but the difficult, new, and noble thing glimmering beyond his mind."

This would seem to exclude all expression of less elevated moods, and all consideration of an inferior audience. But Mr. Masefield makes two admissions. He divides Shakespeare's life as a playwright into two periods; in the first of which "he had worked out his natural instincts, the life known to him, his predilections, his reading." In the second period he became a conscious master, visionary and supreme. Perhaps it was only in his immature days that he sometimes wrote below himself. But it is unfortunately in the supreme period that "Measure

for Measure" was written—Mr. Masefield himself believes it to be later than "Julius Cæsar" and "Hamlet"—so that here the possibility of an agreement is offered only to be taken from us again.

The second admission is more hopeful. We are reminded that the plays of Shakespeare were constructed closely and carefully to be effective on the Elizabethan Stage, which was much unlike our own, and that "on that stage they were highly and nobly effective." This is the line followed so indefatigably by Mrs. Stopes in her researches. From the first she devoted herself to facts, and at once perceived that the determining elements of Shakespeare's method in writing a play included not only his own intuition, but five extraneous facts, all of which had to be considered, namely, his original in history or fiction, his stage, his actors, the Censor, and the audience. The effect of the first four of these is easy to determine: the original story, whether in Holinshed or Cinthio or elsewhere, was the prime element, the source of the impression which his spirit seized upon; it was also, in so far as he felt compelled or tempted to follow it accurately, a limitation of his freedom. The individual qualities of the actors for whom he wrote were limitations, too, but they were also, no doubt, stimulating and suggestive influences. The stage had its own necessities, but these would be soon mastered and instinctively met: the Censor alone must always have been an incalculable and exasperating obstacle. Lastly, the position of the audience remains to be considered, and I think we may profitably spend more time upon it.

The question to which a single play has led us is one which concerns not only the drama, but every kind of poetry and beyond that again the whole range of the arts. Whether it is a poem or a picture, a statue or a sonata, the concrete work of art has always borne a double aspect, and has for long been the subject of misunderstanding and of controversy. To the majority of the world, and especially to the *dilettante*, amateur, or art-lover, as he has at different times been called, the work of art is a thing made by the artist in accordance with the laws of beauty and for the pleasure of others. The laws of beauty being nowhere accessible for reference, there will often be a difference

between the artist and his audience: the work of art may not be well received. Who is to decide the difference? Not the artist, for he is only on trial, he is the offerer of the goods, the candidate for favour: nor the generality of the audience, for they are inferior in taste. The *dilettante* then steps forward and gives judgment; taking for this purpose the title of connoisseur, or πεπαιδευμένος, the cultivated person, the one who knows. If the work of art gives pleasure to him it has passed the standard; it is artistic and should be accepted.

This theory has had a great following, but it has not been found to hold good in practice. The despised majority see, to their consolation, that the infallible connoisseurs have not been agreed among themselves; even among the πεπαιδευμένοι the passage of time works remarkable changes in taste. The awards of merit made by Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds are not endorsed by the critics or art-lovers of to-day. Seeing this division among their opponents the friends of the artist have put forward a rival theory. They claim that as art is the expression of the artist's intuition, he alone can judge of the success or failure of his own works of art, because he alone knows how far the expression is complete. They press the claim to the extreme; they maintain that it is of no importance whether the subject of a work of art be noble or base, pleasing or unpleasing; beauty they define as "successful expression" and ugliness as "unsuccessful expression." In their view of art there is no place at all for an audience in the ordinary sense of the word; the artist is the creator, and the rest of mankind receive his creations as they receive a sunset or a snowstorm. Works of art are for the world simply phenomena, and it is no concern of the artist to take account of the effect they produce, whether that effect be one of pleasure, of discomfort, or of demoralisation.

Those who hold this view will rely on Benedetto Croce for the best exposition of it. He has shown with great clearness, and, I think, quite convincingly, what is the scientific account of the process by which a work of art comes into being. The artist receives an impression from the outer world; by the æsthetic activity of his spirit he seizes it and re-creates it for himself, forming thereby a new world, which has never before existed, for it is his own and

no one else's. So far we are all artists—every day we grasp impressions in this way; but we say nothing of them, we leave them unuttered and forget them. The artist more properly so-called goes a step further: in stone, in colour, in music, or in words he externalises his intuition, he makes a work of art. It is easy to see that the various questions about the audience only arise when this third stage is reached; for example, even the Censor could not say that a play was immoral if it was not published, or even reduced to writing. In short, Croce demonstrates that art is in itself independent of morality, and can only come under the moralist's survey when by publication it is carried into the sphere of conduct. And whatever may be the result in that sphere, the artist is not thereby made moral or immoral, for his object was to express himself and not to influence others.

There Croce breaks off—unfortunately for us—because the relation of art and morality is not yet understood in this country, and because if he had gone further he might have made an observation which would have helped my argument. He might have considered the process by which a work of art may affect conduct. As I have said in a former discourse, it is not by the use of strong language, or by the narrating of immoral acts that conduct is influenced. The effect of these on a reader is simply to increase his knowledge, to add to his experience. Fresh experience, it is true, may bring fresh temptations, and this is why authority always dreads fresh experience for those under its charge—the balance of order may be upset. But, as Thomas à Kempis says, temptations do not make a man bad, they only reveal what he is. The man who stole Leonardo's *Mona Lisa* from the Louvre was probably not tempted to that crime by reading Pater's wonderful re-creation of the picture; and if he was he must have been a criminal already. Many a man has thrown away his happiness and his fortune upon the wrong woman; but few are known to have done so under the influence of Tennyson's poem on Guinevere:—

> "A man had given all other bliss,
> And all his worldly wealth for this,
> To waste his whole heart in one kiss
> Upon her perfect lips."

No; what is really infecting is an infected atmosphere; the Censor wastes his time in striking out an indecorous word or scene in a play. It is not indecorum which is harmful, but contact with a base or vulgar mind; and the vulgarity of an author is dangerous in every page of his work. So, too, with the great artists; it is their contact which ennobles; the man who has once known them is changed in growth and power, not by any words of precept or exhortation, but merely by breathing the ampler air of the worlds which they have created and laid open to us. These effects are profoundly important, and they are inevitable; for they arise from the nature of man, and they cannot be effectively controlled. You cannot legislate against the arts; it is only from imaginary republics that the poets are expelled with honour.

I have now gone beyond Croce, and I am going yet a step further—I am going to cast doubt upon the whole theory of the artist's complete separation from his audience. We are all agreed upon one point, one stage in the artistic process; it is for his own satisfaction, it is to fulfil his own nature that the artist seizes an impression and re-presents it to himself. We see John Keats sitting by the fireside, dreaming over the story of a winter's night in the old world:—

> "St. Agnes' Eve—ah! bitter chill it was!
> The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
> The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
> And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
> Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
> His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
> Like pious incense from a censer old,
> Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
> Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith."

We are agreed about this; we know it is not for us that this boy of twenty-three is dreaming, creating: it is for himself that he is making that picture and that serene music, and if death had taken him on the instant, the act of creation would none the less have been a fulfilment, the achievement of an end in itself. But he had, it seems, more time before him, and a further end in view. We see him take pen and paper, we see him record the dream, externalise the expression; still later, when he has contended successfully with publishers and printers, we see

the work of art given to the world, to all readers present or to come. What is his motive now? What is his spirit driving him to achieve? Why cannot he be content to make his world for himself and live in it, careless of mankind? By the publication of his poem he cannot expect to gain even an increase of material comfort or of social consideration. What is left? "Fame" will no doubt be the answer: and what is Fame? It is something independent of time and space, it is wide and lasting repute—for an artist it is the repute of having re-created life under such an aspect that great numbers of his fellow-men will enter his new world with sympathy—that is, with common admiration—and with gratitude—that is, with a feeling of obligation to the giver. But sympathy and gratitude are personal relations; the poet's motive, therefore, in publishing his poems is a desire for personal relations with numbers of his fellow-men—in short, with an audience.

I have come, then, to this conclusion: that while artistic expression is for the artist an end in itself, the externalisation of his expression—that is, the making of a visible or audible work of art—has a different motive, a sympathetic motive, implying an audience. If anyone desire to maintain that this is not a true account, let us make the attempt to follow him. Let us imagine the artist placed upon a solitary island, well supplied with all the necessaries of physical life and able to obey without hindrance the æsthetic activity of his spirit. Let us go further, and imagine him not only deprived of an actual audience, but even of a potential audience; he must not be influenced by any remembrance of the world of men, or any habit of mind acquired there; he must not be moved by any expectation of a return to it. The whole social life of man must be blotted out from his consciousness. In such a case we can imagine him to retain at any rate his joy in physical well-being and in the beauty of nature. Like Enoch Arden he may see "every day—

> "The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
> Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
> The blaze upon the waters to the East;
> The blaze upon his island overhead;
> The blaze upon the waters to the West;
> Then the great stars that globe themselves in Heaven,
> The hollower-bellowing Ocean, and again
> The scarlet shafts of Sunrise—but no sail."

But no sail; and with no sail, no memory or hope of a sail, does it seem reasonable to believe that he would record, in words or pictures, the palms and shafts of sunrise as he saw them and imaged them to himself? Can we imagine such a being as this artistic solitary playing to the void without an audience present even to his mind? Is he not a fabulous absurdity, this *Poeta bombinans in vacuo?* I think so, and I think therefore that when we hear a poet saying, however seriously: "It does not matter to me what people think of my poems, I do not care whether people read them or not; I write for myself and not for the public," we are entitled to reply—not, of course, aloud: "Surely you are confusing two acts in one; your emotion was your own, and you expressed it for your own satisfaction, but for whom did you write it, print it, publish it, and send it to be reviewed?" In all this there is an evident inconsistency, and however strongly poets may hold to the theory of their own isolation and independence, you will find few among them who are not in fact moved by this second motive, this desire to have a place, even as artists, in the world of men.

We have, however, one example of the kind, and I recall it here because it is very instructive. Matthew Arnold, in one of the best known of his Essays in Criticism, tells the strange story of Maurice de Guérin, who seems to have approached as nearly as is possible to our imaginary castaway on the Island of Self-expression. "Poetry," we are told, "the poetical instinct, was indeed the basis of his nature; but to say this absolutely is not quite enough." He loved Nature, but not social life; so that "one aspect of poetry fascinated Guérin's imagination and held it prisoner." His outlook was all for the palms and precipices and the shafts of sunrise, and not for men or the sails of men. "The longer I live," he himself wrote, "and the clearer I discern between true and false in society, the more does the inclination to live, not as a savage or a misanthrope, but as a solitary man on the frontiers of society, or the outskirts of the world, gain strength and grow in me. The birds come and go and make nests around our habitations, they are fellow-citizens of our farms and hamlets with us; but they take their flight in a heaven which is boundless, but the hand of God alone gives and measures

to them their daily food, but they build their nests in the heart of the thick bushes, or hang them in the height of the trees. So would I too live, hovering round society, and having always at my back a field of liberty vast as the sky." In short, he longed, since he must live with men, to live as a bird lives, with his home and his sphere of activity inaccessible to them, and himself freed even from the power of communicating with them by human speech. Nevertheless, he was a poet: Matthew Arnold deliberately brackets him with Keats, as possessing in an overpowering degree the faculty of interpreting Nature. He says of the two poets: "When they speak of the world, they speak like Adam naming by Divine inspiration the creatures; their expression corresponds with the thing's essential reality." But Keats's expression "has, more than Guérin's, something genial, outward, and sensuous. Guérin has above all a sense of what there is adorable and secret in the life of Nature; his expression has, therefore, more than Keats's, something mystic, inward, and profound."

In fact, he was wanting in the sense of human fellowship; his expression was perfect, but it was not for others. The result was to give him a very curious and perhaps unique position in the company of the poets. "He lived," we are told, "like a man possessed; with his eye not on his own career, not on the public, not on fame, but on the Isis whose veil he had uplifted. He published nothing." He left a single prose-poem in manuscript, which was published after his death by Madame Sand. Here at last we find consistency: Guérin not only professed, but he clearly believed that self-expression is the whole end of art. "There is more power and beauty," he writes, "in the well-kept secret of oneself and one's thoughts than in the display of a whole heaven that one may have inside one." In this attitude he was confirmed by feelings which are admirable enough in themselves: one was extreme and even painful modesty, another was contempt for "literary adventure." The literary career, as then followed in France, seemed to him "unreal both in its own essence and in the rewards which one seeks from it, and therefore fatally marred by a secret absurdity." This opinion inevitably reminds us of Wordsworth's, which, of course, runs to the opposite extreme: to him, for instance, it seemed provi-

dential that he was obliged to return from France in 1792, because if he had stayed and been killed with his Girondin friends he would have been such a loss to the world—

> "Doubtless I should have then made common cause
> With some who perished: haply perished too.
> A poor, mistaken and bewildered offering—
> Should to the breast of Nature have gone back,
> With all my resolutions, all my hopes,
> A Poet only to myself, to men
> Useless——"

This passage, it will be seen, assumes precisely the double aspect of poetry which we are discussing. It may perhaps appear so self-conscious as to be in some degree "marred by a secret absurdity," but it is a saner view than Guérin's: it is more in accord with the facts of the artistic life, one of which is the relation between the artist and his audience. The contrary opinion leads us in practice to a train of absurdities; either to that imaginary creature, the solitary artist, who, not being social, is not a man at all, or to the would-be solitary who, by being partly unsocialised, becomes wholly unproductive. And neither of these can figure in our discussion; they may have their own theory of beauty and judge by it infallibly, for themselves, but their feeling cannot give us a definition of beauty because it does not give us anything at all. In a definition of beauty, or of excellence in a work of art, we must take account not only of the artist's self-regarding emotion, but of his sympathetic feeling; if beauty is to be successful expression, it must be successful expression both internal and external.

I will quote one more poet as a witness to the truth of this. Robert Bridges, in "The Growth of Love," begins the eighth sonnet of the series with these lines:—

> "For beauty being the best of all we know,
> Sums up the unsearchable and secret aims
> Of Nature, and on joys whose earthly names
> Were never told can form and sense bestow."

Here beauty is hardly defined, but her work is shown to be the summing-up of internal emotions, and the external expression of them by form and sense. In the sixteenth

sonnet this process is used as an image of the divine art of creation :—

> "This world is unto God a work of art
> Of which the unaccomplish'd heavenly plan
> Is hid in life within the creature's heart,
> And for perfection looketh unto man."

The divine intuition is to be externalised in Man, and Man, the work of art, is himself, by a mystical paradox, made responsible for the perfecting of the Creator's expression.

Lastly, in the twenty-sixth sonnet the whole process is described as consisting of the three "joys of making" —the original joy of the internal expression, the longer and often laborious joy with which the artist translates this into an external form, and, thirdly, the sympathetic joy of witnessing the effect upon the world of men.

> "The work is done, and from the fingers fall
> The blood-warm tools that brought the labour thro':
> The tasking eye that over-runneth all
> Rests, and affirms there is no more to do.
> Now the third joy of making, the sweet flower
> Of blesséd work bloometh in godlike spirit;
> Which whoso plucketh holdeth for an hour
> The shrivelling vanity of Mortal merit.
> And thou, my perfect work, thou'rt of to-day;
> To-morrow a poor and alien thing wilt be,
> True only should the swift life stand at stay:
> Therefore farewell, nor look to bide with me.
> Go find thy friends, if there be one to love thee;
> Casting thee forth, my child, I rise above thee."

This particular poet, with his double sense of truth and humour, knows that the maker cannot rest long on any work of his. What is for him a perfect self-expression to-day will be to-morrow a poor thing and no longer his own; the swift life will have left it behind; and will have left, too, the hour of sympathetic recognition. But the value of that recognition is not denied: it is a vanity, since it is mortal and must shrivel; but it is, while it is plucked and held, "the sweet flower of blesséd work." Without it the work would not have achieved beauty, in the full sense which beauty must bear for men.

It is here that we come back to our track and find Croce waiting for us. He has foreseen that we may take this line and fears that he may find it more difficult to despise than some other by-paths. "Another less vulgar

current of thought," he says, "considers Æsthetic to be the science of the *sympathetic*, of that with which we sympathise, which attracts, rejoices, gives us pleasure, and excites admiration. . . . In ordinary language there is sometimes a feeling of repugnance at calling an expression beautiful which is not an expression of the sympathetic. Hence the continual contrast between the point of view of the æsthetician or of the art critic and that of the ordinary person, who cannot succeed in persuading himself that the image of pain and of turpitude can be beautiful, or at least can be beautiful with as much right as the pleasing and the good."

Everyone must have recognised this contrast: Croce has stated it clearly, and has thus made plain the issue between his own theory and that which I am proposing. He defines beauty as successful expression by the artist to himself; I ask to be allowed to define it as successful expression by the artist to himself and his fellow-men. Ugliness, to him, is unsuccessful expression by the artist to himself; for me it includes both that and any expression which, however satisfactory to the artist himself, is revolting to his fellow-men.

It is this which Croce denounces as "the science of the sympathetic" or "æsthetic hedonism," and his argument against it is as follows: the sympathetic "is a complex fact, resulting from a constant element, the æsthetic element of re-presentation, and from a variable element, the pleasing in its infinite forms, arising from all the various classes of values." You cannot, he goes on to contend, include these two elements in one science, for, as we see, they are sometimes opposed to one another, and when they are not opposed they form a complex fact. Nor can you set up two different sciences of the beautiful, one of self-expression and one of the sympathetic, for in case of conflict one of the two must be predominant, and you will end by deciding the question of beauty either by success of self-expression or by considering the sympathetic feelings of the audience, which, he says, are essentially hedonistic facts. In plainer, or at any rate commoner, language, what the artist desires of his work is that it shall give him the satisfaction of truth to his own vision; what the audience desire of it is that it shall please their senses. If it happens

to fulfil both these desires that will be merely by chance; if it happens to satisfy the artist only and disgust the audience, it is none the less beautiful; if it pleases the audience and not the artist, then it is unsuccessful expression and therefore ugly.

This theory is not only, as Croce admits, unlikely to persuade the ordinary person; it can, I believe, be shown to be unscientific—it does not take account of the facts. It assumes two things: that the artist as such is completely unaffected by his fellow-men, and that these fellow-men have only one legitimate way open to them of judging of the beauty of a work of art—they must not consult their own natural feelings, for that would be to follow pleasure and not beauty, but they must surrender their own point of view entirely and adopt that of the artist.

Let us take the second of these assumptions first. There was a time undoubtedly when criticism did not sufficiently consider the artist's aim, but insisted on judging solely by the result on a partially sympathetic audience. But the trend of criticism is now the other way; the artist's aim is generally put first, and the critic not infrequently hints that anyone who does not regard that aim with respectful sympathy is no better than a Philistine. But this is an assumption which neither artist nor art critic has any right to make. It leaves out of account the fact that there are or may be artists with whose personality, with whose intuitions, with whose self-expression we are at variance, and with good reason. I am not now thinking of the Police Magistrate who will condemn a book or a picture if it conflicts with the law of public morality which he administers; I am speaking of a real variance, a fundamental difference of feeling. For we must not forget that it is feeling which is the secret of artistic expression, and no one has stated this more emphatically than Croce; his first chapter shows that intuition and expression are one and the same thing. Let me then put this question to him: A work of art may be a perfect expression of the maker's feeling, but what if that feeling be a cruel, a cynical, a frivolous, or an insane feeling?

It is no imaginary case. No one has ever questioned, or will ever question, the genius of Swift; but to sympathise with all his intuitions in prose or verse is impossible, for

some of them insult and degrade human nature itself. The present war has furnished us with examples even more striking. Lissauer's notorious Hymn of Hate is obviously a successful expression of feeling, and large numbers of his countrymen have found it congenial; to the rest of mankind it appears either revolting or pitiable, according as they take the author to be cruel or insane. The ordinary person is often right in these cases; he reads a poem or stands before a picture, and he knows that the artist has succeeded in expressing himself; he may even feel that it is a wonderful thing to be so able to express an absolutely personal vision; but he knows also that the vision is the vision of a base or corrupted personality. Moreover, he knows that the converse of this is true—that in the work of certain other artists there is a sympathetic quality which comes not only from their success in expression, but from the nature of the intuitions they express. Not from the subject of their feelings, but from the feeling itself. Milton, too, we may remember, wrote a Hymn of Hate, and began it with a word as terrible as hate itself:—

> "Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
> Even them, who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
> When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones.
> Forget not: in Thy book record their groans,
> Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
> Slain by the bloody Piemontese that rolled
> Mother with infant down the rocks. . . ."

This is undeniably vindictive and violent; but it is the cry of a great spirit, not of an angry and ferocious ape. It has at least the possibility of being sympathetically received by sane human beings, and that, too, in spite of the pain conveyed by it.

Here we touch on another and very important point at which Croce's theory is not in accord with the facts. Those artistic expressions which are sympathetic to the great majority of men are not pleasurable as Croce assumes; they convey emotion, but it is often painful emotion. Yet the sense of beauty is none the less present in a high degree. Among the countless intuitions of love which have been expressed in verse, only some are joyful, and of these but few are beautiful. The most beautiful are nearly always full of pain; and this is in accord with the natural history

of Love, who must have separation always either before him or behind him. Rossetti has sung of both sorrows:—

"O love, my love! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?"

Afterwards he looks back to the day when he painted his lady's picture:—

"And as I wrought, while all above
And all around was fragrant air,
In the sick burden of my love
It seemed each sun-thrilled blossom there
Beat like a heart among the leaves.
O heart that never beats nor heaves,
In that one darkness lying still,
What now to thee my love's great will
Or the fine web the sunshine weaves?"

It is not pleasure that the poet gives his hearers by such a cry as this—whatever beauty we might perceive and enjoy in the perfection of the expression is merged and almost overlooked in the sympathetic feeling, the sense of union in love and sorrow. It is natural and inevitable that this should be so, for the sympathetic feeling is wider and deeper than the æsthetic; the grief and consolation which it gives us are derived from a sense of union not with this man only, but with all men, crying passionately not for this love only, but for all loves dead and gone. So with the poet, too, on his side; his own grief is over, his dust, too, has long been "in that one darkness lying still," but the same shadow is waiting for every human love to the end of time; and the immortality of the poem is determined by the poet's gift of bringing this to the minds of his hearers, of carrying it into the universal heart. If in his effort for self-expression he is unconscious or only faintly conscious of this further aim, that does not alter my belief; for I am convinced that the supreme artistic power is the power of drawing upon a spirit which lies below the separate personality, a fellowship which is not limited by the material form of life.

For those who believe this there remains only one question to be answered. If the artist is, on the one hand, seeking for self-expression, and, on the other, for a sym-

pathetic communion with his fellows; if the poet in making his poem for himself is also in touch with all the world, past, present, and to come, what is the criterion of success in this complex activity, what is the definition of beauty which will cover both sides of it? I do not presume to dogmatise upon this; I am content to protest against the shutting of doors and windows, the confinement of beauty within the narrow, dark walls of the individual consciousness. Art, let us agree, is the expression of our intuitions, an activity of the human spirit; springing from and appealing to sympathetic feeling in others. We shall not give a complete account of it until we have made a more scientific observation of that spirit. In the meantime let me hazard my own hypothesis. That which moves the spirit to activity, that which the artist strives to satisfy and all men share and are moved by according to their capacity, is the desire of life. That which in the intuitions of an artist or an ordinary man is base, feeble, frivolous, or insane, is deficient in the sense of life; that which is cruel, cynical, selfish, or inhuman, is antagonistic to it. On the other hand the lines or colours of a picture, the harmonies of music, the magical phrases or rhythms of a poem, which alone stir the human spirit deeply, are those which so remind us of life, and so revive life in us, that whether for pleasure or for pain we may have life more abundantly. In this sense I think it may be said that Beauty is Truth to Life: such Truth is Beauty; and perhaps in this region "that is all we know on earth, and all we need to know."

Animula Vagula

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

"You see," the Orchid-hunter said, "this is just how it happened, one of those deaths, that I have seen so many of, here in the wilderness."

He stood upon the steamer's deck a slight, grave figure, his hair just touched with grey, his flannel Norfolk jacket which had once been white toning exactly with his hat and his grey eyes.

At first sight you saw he was an educated man, and when you spoke to him you felt he must have been at some great public school. Yet there was something indefinable about him that spoke of failure. We have no word to express with sympathy the moral qualities of such a man. In Spanish it is all summed up in the expression, "Un infeliz." Unlucky or unhappy, that is, as the world goes; but perhaps fortunate in that interior world to which so many eyes are closed.

Rolling a cigarette between his thin, brown, fever-stricken fingers, he went on: "Yesterday, about two o'clock, in a heat fit to boil your brain, a canoe came slowly up the stream into the settlement. The Indian paddlers walked up the steep bank carrying the body of a man wrapped in a mat. When they had reached the little palm-thatched hut over which floated the Colombian flag, that marked it as the official residence of the Captain of the Port, they set their burden down with the hopeless look that marks the Indian as of an orphaned angel.

"'We found this "Mister" on the banks,' they said, 'in the last stage of fever. He spoke but little Christian, and all he said was, "Doctor, American doctor, Tocata-laima; take me there."

"'Here he is, and now who is to pay us for our work? We have paddled all night long. The canoe we borrowed.

Its owner said that it gains twenty cents a day, and we want forty cents each, for we have paddled hard to save this Mister.' Then they stood silent, scratching the mosquito bites upon their ankles with the other naked foot—a link between the *Homo sapiens* and some other intermediate species, long extinct.

"I paid them, giving them something over what they demanded, and they put on that expression of entire aloofness which the Indian usually assumes on such occasions, either because thanks stick in his gullet, or he thinks no thanks are due after a service rendered. They they went off to drink a glass or two of rum before they started on their journey home.

"I went to see the body, which lay covered with a sack under a little shed. Flies buzzed about it, and already a faint smell of putrefaction reminded one that man is as the other animals, and that the store of knowledge he piles up during his life does not avail to stop the course of Nature, any more than if he had been an orang-outang."

He paused, and, after having lit the cigarette, strolled to the bulwark of the steamer, which had now got into the middle of the stream, and then resumed:

"Living as I do in the woods collecting orchids, the moralising habit grows upon one. It is, as it were, the only answer that a man has to the aggressiveness of Nature.

"I stood and looked at the man's body in his thin linen suit which clung to every angle. Beside him was a white pith helmet and a pair of yellow-tinted spectacles framed in celluloid, to look like tortoiseshell, that come down from the States. I never wear them, for I find that everything that you can do without is something gained in life.

"His feet in his white canvas shoes all stained with mud sticking up stiffly and his limp, pallid hands, crossed by the pious Indians, on his chest gave him that helpless look that makes a dead man, as it were, appeal to one for sympathy and protection against the terror, that perhaps for him is not a terror after all; but merely a long rest.

"No one had thought of closing his blue eyes; and as we are but creatures of habit after all I put my hand into my pocket, and taking out two half-dollar pieces was about to put them on his eyes. Then I remembered that one of

them was bad, and you will not believe me, but it seems as if I could not put the bad piece on his eyes; it looked like cheating him. So I went out and got two little stones, and after washing them put them upon his eyelids, and at least they kept away the flies.

"I don't know how it was, for I believe I am not superstitious, but it seemed to me that those blue eyes, sunk in the livid face to which a three or four days' growth of fair and fluffy beard gave a look of adolescence, looked at me as if they still were searching for the American doctor, who no doubt must have engrossed his last coherent thought as he lay in the canoe.

"As I was looking at him, mopping my face, and now and then killing a mosquito—one gets to do it quite mechanically, although in my case neither mosquitoes nor any other kind of bug annoys me very much—the door was opened and the authorities came in. After the usual salutations—which in Colombia are long and ceremonious, with much unnecessary offering of services, which both sides know will never be required—they said they came to view the body and take the necessary steps; that is, you know, to try to find out who he was and have him buried, for with the heat at forty centigrade no time was to be lost.

"A stout Colombian dressed in white clothes, which made his swarthy skin look darker still, giving him, as it were, the air of a black beetle dipped in milk, was the first to arrive. Taking off his flat white cap and gold-rimmed spectacles—articles which in Colombia are certain signs of office—he looked a little at the dead man and said, 'He was an English or American.' Then turning to a soldier who had arrived upon the scene, he asked him where the Indian paddlers were who had brought in the canoe.

"The man went out to look for them, and the hut soon was crowded full of Indians, each with his panamá straw hat held up before his mouth. They gazed upon the body, not sympathetically nor yet unsympathetically, but with that baffling look that Indians must have put on when first the conquerors appeared amongst them and they found out their arms did not avail them for defence. By means of it they pass through life as relatively unscathed as it is

possible for men to do, and by its help they seem to conquer death, taking away its sting by their indifference.

"None of them said a word, but stared at the dead man, just as they stare at any living stranger, until I felt that the dead eyes would turn in anger at them and shake off the flat stones.

"The man clothed in authority and dusky white returned, accompanied by one of those strange out-at-elbows nondescripts who are to be found in every town in South America, and may be best described as 'penmen'—that is, persons who can read and write and have some far-off dealings with the law. After a whispered conversation the Commissary, turning to the assembled Indians, asked them in a brief voice if they had found the paddlers of the canoe. None of them answered, for a crowd of Indians will never find a spokesman, as each one fears to be made responsible if he says anything at all. A dirty soldier clothed in draggled khaki, barefooted, and with a rusty, sheathless bayonet banging on his thigh, opened the door and said that he knew where they were, but that they both were drunk. The soldier, after a long stare, would have retreated, but the Commissary, turning abruptly to him, said: 'José, go and see that a grave is dug immediately; this "Mister" has been dead for several hours.' Then looking at the 'penman,' 'Perez,' he said, 'we will now proceed to the examination of the dead man's papers which the law prescribes.'

"Perez, who in common with the majority of the uneducated of his race had a great dread of touching a dead body, began to search the pockets of the young man lying so still and angular in the drab-looking suit of white. To put off the dread moment he picked up the pith helmet and, turning out the lining, closely examined it. Then, finding nothing, in his agitation let it fall upon the chest of the dead man. I could have killed him, but said nothing, and we all stood perspiring, with the thermometer at anything you like, inside that wretched hut, while Perez fumbled in the pockets of the dead man's coat.

"It seemed to me as if the unresisting body was somehow being outraged, and that the stiff, attenuated arms would double up and strike the miserable Perez during his terrifying task. He was so clumsy and so frightened that

it seemed an eternity till he produced a case of worn green leather edged with silver, in which were several brown Havana cigarettes.

"The Commissary gravely remarking, 'We all have vices, great or small, and smoking is but a little frailty,' told Perez to write down 'Case, 1; cigarettes, 3,' and then to go on with the search. 'The law requires,' he said, 'the identification of all the dead wherever possible.

"'First, for its proper satisfaction in order that the Code of the Republic should be complied with; and, secondly, for the consolation of the relations, if there are any such, or the friends of the deceased.'

"Throughout the search the Indians stood in a knot, like cattle standing under a tree in summer-time, gathered together, as it were, for mutual protection, without uttering a word. The ragged soldier stared intently; the Commissary occasionally took off his spectacles and wiped them; and the perspiring Perez slowly brought out a pocket-knife, a box of matches, and a little bottle of quinine. They all were duly noted down, but still no pocket-book, card-case, letter, or any paper with the name of the deceased appeared to justify the search. Perez would willingly have given up the job; but, urged on by his chief, at last extracted from an interior pocket a letter-case in alligator skin. Much frayed and stained with perspiration, yet its silver tips still showed that it had once been bought at a good shop.

"'Open it, Perez, for the law allows one in such cases to take steps that otherwise would be illegal and against that liberal spirit for which we in this Republic are so renowned in the Americas. Then hand me any card or letter that it may contain.'

"Perez, with the air of one about to execute a formidable duty, opened the case, first slipping off a couple of elastic bands that held the flaps together. From it he took a bundle of American bank-notes wrapped up in tissue-paper, which he handed to his chief. The Commissary took it, and, slipping off the paper, solemnly counted the notes. 'The sum is just two thousand,' he remarked, 'and all in twenties. Perez, take note of it, and give me any papers that you may have found.' A closer search of every pocket still revealed nothing, and I breathed more

freely, as every time the dirty hands of Perez fumbled about the helpless body I felt a shudder running down my back.

"We all stood baffled, and the Indians slowly filed out without a word, leaving the Commissary with Perez and myself standing bewildered by the bed. '"Mister,"' the Commissary said to me; 'what a strange case! Here are two thousand dollars, which should go to some relation of this unfortunate young man.'

"He counted them again, and, after having given them to his satellite, told him to take them and put them in his safe.

"'Now, "Mister," I will leave you here to keep guard over your countryman whilst I go out to see if they have dug his grave. There is no priest here in the settlement. We only have one come here once a month; and even if there were a priest, the dead man looks as if he had been Protestant.'

"He turned to me, and saying, 'With your permission,' took his hat and left the hut.

"Thus left alone with my compatriot (if he had been one), I took a long look at him, so as to stamp his features in my mind. I had no camera in my possession, and cannot draw—a want that often hinders me in my profession in the description of my rarer plants.

"I looked so long that if the man I saw lying upon that canvas scissor-bed should ever rise again with the same body, I am certain I could recognise him amongst a million men.

"His hands were long and thin, but sunburnt, his feet well shaped, and though his face was sunken and the heat was rapidly discolouring it, the features were well cut. I noted a brown mark upon the cheek, such as in Spanish is called a 'lunar,' which gave his delicate and youthful face something of a girlish look, in spite of his moustache. His eyebrows, curiously enough, were dark, and the incipient growth of beard was darker than his hair. His ears were small and set on close to the head—a sign of breeding—and his eyes, although I dared not look at them, having closed them up myself, I knew were blue, and felt they must be staring at me, underneath the stones. In life he might have weighed about ten stone I guess,

not more, and must have been well-made and active, though not an athlete, I should think, by the condition of his hands.

"Strangely enough, there seemed to me nothing particularly sad about the look of him. He just was resting after the struggle, that could have lasted in his case but little more than thirty years, and had left slight traces on his face of anything that he had suffered when alive.

"I took the flat stones off his eyes, and was relieved to find they did not open, and after smoothing his fair hair down a little and taking a long look at the fast-altering features I turned away to smoke.

"How long I waited I cannot recollect, but all the details of the hut, the scissor canvas bed on which the body lay, the hooks for hammocks in the mud-and-bamboo walls, the tall brown jar for water, like those that one remembers in the pictures of the *Arabian Nights* in childhood, the drinking gourd beside it, with the two heavy hardwood chairs of ancient Spanish pattern, seated and backed with pieces of raw hide, the wooden table, with the planks showing the marks of the adze that fashioned them, I never shall forget.

"Just at the door there was an old canoe, dug out of a tree-trunk, the gunwale broken and the inside almost filled up with mud. Chickens, of that peculiar mangy-looking breed indigenous to every tropic the whole world over, were feeding at one end of it, and under a low shed thatched with soft palm-leaves stood a miserable horse, whose legs were raw owing to the myriads of horse-flies that clustered on them, which no one tried to brush away. Three or four vultures sat on a branch of a dead tree that overhung the hut. Their languid eyes appeared to me to pierce the palm-tree roof as they sat on, just as a shark follows a boat in which there is a dead man, waiting patiently.

"Over the bluff, on which the wretched little Rancheria straggled till it was swallowed up in the primeval woods, flowed the great river, majestic, yellow, alligator-haunted, bearing upon its ample bosom thousands of floating masses of green vegetation which had slipped into the flood.

"How long I sat I do not know, and I shall never know, but probably not above half an hour. Still, in that

time I saw the life of the young man who lay before me. His voyage out; the first sight of the tropics; the landing into that strange world of swarthy-coloured men, dank vegetation, thick, close atmosphere, the metallic hum of insects, and the peculiar smell of a hot country—things which we see and hear once in our lives, and but once only, for custom dulls the senses, and we see nothing more. Then the letters home, simple and child-like in regard to life, but shrewd and penetrating as regards business, after the fashion of the Northern European or his descendants in the United States.

"I saw him pass his first night in the bare tropical hotel, under a mosquito-curtain, and then wake up to all the glory of the New World he had discovered for himself, as truly as Columbus did when he had landed upon Guanahani on that eventful Sunday morning and unfurled the flag of Spain. I heard him falter out his first few words in broken Spanish, and saw him take his first walk, either by the harbour, thronged with its unfamiliar-looking boats piled up with fish and fruits unknown in Europe, or through the evil-smelling, badly-paved alleys in the town.

"The voyage up the river, with the first breath of the asphyxiating heat; the flocks of parrots; the alligators, so like dead logs, all basking in the sun; the stopping in the middle of the night for wood beside some landing-place cut in the jungle, where men, naked but for a cloth tied round their loins, ran up a plank and dumped their load down with a half-sigh, half-yell—I saw and heard it all. Then came the arrival at the mine or rubber station, the long and weary days, the fevers, the rare letters, and the cherished newspapers from home—those, too, I knew of, for I had waited for them often in my youth.

"Most of all, as I looked on him and saw his altering features, I thought of his snug home in Massachusetts or Northumberland, where his relations looked for letters on thin paper, with the strange postmarks, which would never come again. How they would wonder in his home, and here was I looking at the features that they would give the world to see, but impotent to help."

He stopped, and, walking to the bulwarks, looked up the river, and said: "In half an hour we shall arrive at San Fulgencio. . . . They came and fetched the body, and

wrapped it in a white cotton sheet—for which I paid—and we set off, followed by the few storekeepers, two Syrians and a Portuguese, and a small crowd of Indians.

"There was no cemetery—that is to say, not one of those Columbian cemeteries fenced with barbed wire, in which the plastered gateway looks like an afterthought, and where the iron crosses blistering in the sun look drearier than any other crosses in the world.

"Under a clump of Guáduas—that is the name they give to the bamboo—there was a plot of ground fenced in with canes. In it the grave was dug amongst some others, on which a mass of grass and weeds was growing, as if it wished to blot them out from memory as soon as possible.

"A little wooden cross or two, with pieces of white paper periodically renewed, affirmed that Resurrecion Venegas or Exaltacion Machuca reposed beneath the weeds.

"The grave looked hard and uninviting, and as we laid him in it, lowering him with a rope made of lianas, two or three macaws flew past, uttering a raucous cry.

"The Commissary had put on a black suit of clothes, and Perez had a rusty band of cloth pinned round his arm. The Syrians and the Portuguese took off their hats, and as there was no priest the Commissary mumbled some formula; and I, advancing to the grave, took a last look at the white sheet which showed the angles of the frail body underneath it, but for the life of me I could not say a word, except 'Good-bye.'

"When the Indians had filled in the earth we all walked back towards the settlement, perspiring. I took a glass of rum with them just for civility . . . I think I paid for it . . . and then I gathered up my traps and sat and waited under a big Bongo tree until the steamer came along."

A silence fell upon us all as, sitting in our rocking-chairs upon the high deck of the stern-wheel steamer, we mused instinctively upon the fate of the unknown young Englishman or American. The engineer from Oregon, the Texan cow-puncher going to look at cattle in the Llanos de Bolivar, and all the various waifs and strays that get together upon a voyage up the Magdalena, no doubt each

thought he might have died, just as the unknown man had died, out in the wilderness.

No one said anything, until the orchid-hunter, as the steamer drew into the bank, said: "That is San Fulgencio. I go ashore here. If any of you fellows ever find out who the chap was, send us a line to Barranquilla; that's where my wife lives.

"I am just off to the Chocó, a three or four months' job. . . . Fever?—oh, yes, sometimes, of course, but I think nothing of it. . . . Quinine?—thanks, yes, I've got it. . . . I don't believe in it a great deal. . . . Mosquitoes? . . . no, they do not worry me. A gun? . . . well, no, I never carry arms . . . thanks all the same. . . . I was sorry, too, for that poor fellow; but, after all, it is the death I'd like to die myself. . . . No, thanks, I don't touch spirits. . . . Good-bye to all of you."

We waved our hands and crowded to the steamer's side, and watched him walking up the bank to where a little group of Indians stood holding a bullock with a pack upon its back.

They took his scanty property and, after tying it upon the ox, set off at a slow walk along a little path towards the jungle, with the grey figure of our late companion walking quietly along, a pace or two behind.

The Economics of High Productivity

By J. A. Hobson

Our national economy during these years of war has exhibited some remarkable phenomena likely to produce radical changes in economic theory and practice afterwards.

In the economic sphere war figures primarily as a huge enlargement of consumption of goods and services. Most of this enlargement will rank as unproductive consumption, if the term be used to cover all consumption not conducive to the furtherance of future productive processes. If we included in this national consumption all the fighting services rendered by the millions temporarily withdrawn from civil ocupations, the size of the aggregate enlargement of consumption would be immense. For the specific war consumption would consist of the food, clothing, transport, arms, ammunition, and other material requisites, *plus* the human activities of the fighting units—in a word, all the goods and services bought and paid for by the war expenditure, inclusive of allowances to dependents which would be regarded as part-price of soldiers' service. But considering that the fighting services lie wholly outside the ordinary economic sphere, it will be best to leave them out of our survey, and to confine ourselves as closely as possible to phenomena concerned with the production and consumption of ordinary sorts of wealth. Now the essential facts relating to quantity and character of consumption during the war are these: Four or five million men in our forces have been consuming a good deal more food, clothing, shelter, transport, and other ordinary articles of consumption than if they had been engaged in civil life. In addition, they have been consuming vast quantities of arms, ammunition, and other materials and implements of modern

war. Finally, the civil population—at any rate, during the first thirty months of the war—was living at about as high an average level of consumption as before the war, for, though a large proportion of the rich and middle classes had reduced to some appreciable extent their personal consumption, the great majority of wage-earning families had increased theirs. While no measurements are available, it is not an unreasonable assumption to set off the increase of working-class consumption against the reduction in upper-class consumption. If, indeed, we confine our attention to consumption of ordinary material commodities, we should, I think, be justified in holding that the average level of civil consumption has appreciably risen, for a very large part of the "economy" of the better-to-do has been in non-material consumption, such as travel and personal services. In any case, the immense material costs of war, with no reduction in "peace" consumption, implies a great increase in aggregate national consumption. How great this increase is cannot be told, for the statistics of war expenditure give no reliable information, chiefly for two reasons. In the first place, the rise of prices, including the price of all services, greatly hampers all comparisons. Secondly, much of the war expenditure passes directly into civil income, and, if taken as an index of consumption, is liable to cause duplication. Without, therefore, attempting to give any measure, we may be content to appeal to general consent in favour of the judgment that during war-time the aggregate national consumption of commodities has been greatly enlarged.

In the next place, this enlarged consumption has been accompanied by a great stimulation of the processes of productive industry. In all the staple industries employment has been full and constant. Very early in the war the unemployed margin was absorbed in nearly every trade, and, as recruiting and war expenditure advanced, great numbers of women, retired male workers, and children, were drawn into wage-earning occupations. Factory laws, Education Acts, trade union rules were everywhere relaxed so as to increase the working hours, facilitate working by shifts and night and Sunday labour, speed up machinery, and "dilute" labour. Wholesale and retail distribution and the clerical staff in every sort of business were cut down

to a minimum, and transport labour much reduced, in order to maintain a maximum of material production.

Two deductions from this experience are inevitable. The first is that the normal pre-war economy contained a vastly greater quantity of waste, duplication, overlapping, and flaccidity than was recognised, and that, so far as production of material goods was concerned, the industrial system was working all the time at low gear. The fact that it is working now at an excessive speed, fraught with injurious reactions upon the health of many workers, must not be allowed to invalidate this first deduction. The national economy of 1913 was much more wasteful and incompetent than we knew.

The second deduction is that the enhanced rate of material production was directly due to the pressure of enhanced consumption operating upon the processes of production through an increase of effective demand. There is no mystery about this operation of increased demand for consumable goods. It issued from two sources. First came the war contracts and other Governmental purchases, mounting higher month by month and stimulating one trade after another, until at least half the wage-earners in the country were employed directly or indirectly in Government work. Secondly, as a secondary and derivative cause, came the enhanced demand for food, clothing, furniture, and material comforts and luxuries from the ever-growing numbers of industrial families whose "real" incomes had risen owing to full employment of more of their members at enhanced money wages, and who were spending their money in raising their standard of living. Though the first of these efficient causes was by far the more important, the second was by no means inconsiderable. A sudden abnormal rise in the effective demand for consumable goods is seen to stimulate and to maintain a corresponding rise in the pace of production.

It is hardly possible to conceive a more complete practical refutation of the mischievous dogma that "a demand for commodities is not a demand for labour"—*i.e.*, that such demand does not increase the total demand for labour, but only determines the character of the demand—and no reflecting person can hesitate any longer as to the question how far production can be rightly held to limit and deter-

mine consumption or to be limited and determined by consumption. It has always been possible for theorists to argue that production tended to be kept at a maximum, because whatever was produced could and must be bought either for direct consumption or for assisting some further process of production, and that so far as volume of current production went it made no difference whether what was thus demanded was immediately consumed or not. The argument was plausible. For, recognising that it was to the interests of every business man to produce and sell as many goods as possible, and that human wants were illimitable, it seemed a reasonable conclusion that the general rate of production would be kept as large as the arts of industry and the available labour permitted, and that consumption was at any given time closely restricted by these conditions of production. But the actual working of the business world did not accord with this theory. Every business man was aware that the productive capacity of the available plant, material, and labour in his industry was excessive, in the sense that its full utilisation for any length of time turned out goods at a faster rate than they were sold in the market, thus leading to a state of congestion known as "over-production," and a prolonged period of stoppage and depression, in which plant and labour were kept in a condition known as "under-production." This periodic congestion and its sequel, under-production, were, to his mind, clearly the result of a failure of consumption to keep full pace with the increasing capacity of production in his trade, or, in other words, to an insufficiency of effective demand for commodities of the kind in question. Now, if this train of phenomena, expanding production, congestion, unemployment, under-production, were confined only to a few trades at a time, while the general body of industry was kept in full operation, the trouble might have been imputed to a miscalculation in the application of productive power as between trade and trade, too much being put into certain industries, too little into others. Such miscalculations must, indeed, always be occurring, and must be responsible for a fairly even and continual amount of waste.

But everybody knows that there is a general character to these depressions, and that a torpor spreads throughout the whole of industry, each trade checking its activity

because it cannot sell all the goods it could produce. Various explanations of this periodic slackening are adduced. Several of these explanations may be valid within limits. Failures of world harvests in certain years may, by reducing the surplus of foods and materials which the agricultural populations apply through processes of exchange to stimulate and maintain other branches of production, cause some decline of general productivity. This, or other independent causes, operating through the beliefs and expectations of business men and financiers, may produce a psychological wave movement of confidence and depression which, working chiefly through the delicate instruments of credit, may raise and lower the volume and pace of industry and commerce. But, so far as such physical or psychological explanations are valid, their validity as operative causes hinges always on the conviction or belief of financiers or other business men that certain available productive power cannot be profitably utilised because the goods it could produce will not be sold at such a pace as is economically necessary to occupy the capital and labour employed in the processes. The failure of consumption or effective demand is always the ultimate cause of the failure of production, if industry be treated as a concrete system. Psychologically, the belief in this failure of effective demand may be regarded as the efficient cause. It makes no difference whether we take the psychological or the material view; they relate to the same determinant fact.

What the war-experience shows is that all such explanations as bad harvests and failure of confidence are minor and secondary causes of that slackening of demand for commodities which is the sole direct agent of depressions. But it proves much more than this. It exhibits for the first time the full dimensions of the waste of productive power which even during periods of normal good trade was allowed to go on. We now know that the productive energy of our nation was never, even in prosperous times, fully exerted. There always existed a larger margin of unemployment than was really needed for serviceable elasticity. The distributive and commercial trades and many branches of transport were enormously overloaded with excessive labour consumed in wasteful over-competition. The

excessive growth of the distributive classes, attested by each census, was itself largely a device for disposing of and concealing the surplus of productive energy for which the industrial system was unable to find useful productive work. The swelling of the distributive classes attests the limit which consumption puts upon productive industry. Nor is this the largest waste disclosed by war. The torpor of the employing managerial classes in planning out improvements of organisation and method, of seeking and adopting new machinery and scientific knowledge, the general spirit of conservatism which prevailed in all established lines of business, were causally connected with a disbelief in the fruitfulness of expansion, a constant fear of over-production, falling prices, depression, and unemployment. This same obsession notoriously underlay the opposition of workers to the introduction of improved machinery, speeding up, dilution of skilled with unskilled labour, even when no immediate attack upon their earnings was involved. Though other motives also operated, the general opposition to improvements which involved a larger output was based on fear lest the aggregate productive power of the industry should be found excessive and unemployment with low wages should ensue.

Once demonstrate to employers and to workers that it is possible to enlarge and accelerate the output indefinitely without any danger of over-production, and the forces of productive progress liberated by this demonstration will astonish the world. Hitherto there has everywhere existed a series of conspiracies to hold back production, based upon a genuine and a valid belief that full production would not be accompanied by a corresponding fullness of consumption.

War has been a liberation and a stimulation of the powers of consumption normally restricted by two causes. First, the arts and standards of consumption are intrinsically stabler and less adventurous than those of production. The spirit of experiment, the willingness to try new ways, a more disinterested attitude towards facts and evidence, belong to the business life in all save the most sluggish lines of routine business. The very men who are boldly adventurous in business will commonly remain deeply conservative in the capacity of consumers. Habits

of living are more strongly fixed in most men than habits of work. Still more important, improvements in methods of production often mean enormous and rapid advances in output, far exceeding in pace and magnitude the enlargements of expenditure which accompany a rising standard of living. There is thus in most classes a tendency for the standard of living to lag behind the standards of industry in a progressive community. This failure of consumption to keep pace with increasing powers of production is, however, largely attributable to defective distribution of income. When the general income is so unequally apportioned among the classes of the nation as to place the bulk of it in the hands of a very small percentage of the population, the larger owners of land, capital, and business power, while the vast bulk of the workers are kept by wage conditions upon a low standard of living, the aggregate national demand for commodities will fall far short of the productive capacity of the plant and labour that are available. For a relative equality of incomes, or distribution according to needs, secures the largest aggregate utility for every fresh increment of consumption which may be made possible by improved production, so stimulating the maximum quantity of effective demand. Inequality of income, conversely, lowers the aggregate utility and evokes a deficient quantity of effective demand. Put otherwise, inequality of income favours a rate of saving which is shown to be excessive in that it brings into existence and operation a larger quantity of instruments and materials of production than are found necessary for turning out the commodities which are demanded for consumption. This effect of inequality of income is not at first sight obvious. Those who possess the large incomes might spend them in demanding luxurious goods and services. Much is so spent. But the desire for a fresh increment of luxury is far weaker than that for the primary conveniences and comforts, and, when a certain level of expenditure is reached, the greater part of any income that remains is automatically saved. Though this is not susceptible of statistical proof, I do not think it will be disputed.

Thus, leaving for later consideration the question whether such enlarged saving and lessened consumption necessitate reduced production and employment, we

recognise that the normal pre-war distribution of income in this, as in other countries, kept current national consumption of commodities at a lower level than if the same income had been more equally distributed.

Now one conspicuous and general result of the war economy has been to diminish the proportion of the national income left in the hands of the well-to-do classes as net income, and to increase the proportion received as income by the workers. Notwithstanding the high profits received by capitalists and employers in many trades, taxation has made considerable encroachments upon the general income of the well-to-do classes, and has handed over to the Government a large part of their potential saving fund. The great demand for labour, operating upon a short supply, has also raised the aggregate of wages, so that the wage-earning and spending classes are receiving a larger proportion of the total income as compared with the non-wage-earning and saving classes. The movement has been in the direction of greater equality of net income and spending power. But, of course, the predominant factor in the new situation has been the enormous war expenditure of the Government. The first effect of this has been to alter the proportion between saving and spending in the national income. The Government has, by process of taxation and borrowing, taken the great bulk of the income that would ordinarily have been invested in new instruments of production, and has spent it in demand for war goods and services. It has, of course, done much more than this. It has not only diverted into war consumption nearly all the potential increase of productive capital, but has similarly used up much of the funds ordinarily set aside for repair and maintenance of plant, machinery, and stocks. Other important encroachments upon our national capital have been made. One is the destruction of shipping, the only large material injury of war this country has sustained. The other is the calling in of large funds of capital engaged in financing world-trade which took place early in the war, and went to feed the early war-borrowing of our Government.

A third consumption of capital for war costs is more difficult to assess. It consists of the sales abroad of American and other securities and loans contracted in

America. *Primâ facie*, this constitutes a considerable reduction of our ownership of foreign capital and of post-war income in the way of interest. But against it may be set the war loans to our Allies and Dominions. This latter sum, nearly a thousand millions up to April, 1917, is probably nearly as large as the sum hitherto furnished by America in the purchase of securities and by loans. Although it is unlikely that any early repayment of the bulk of these advances to Allies and Dominions will take place, as an interest-yielding asset they must be taken as an offset against our borrowing abroad. If our advances be thus regarded as substantial, though not immediately realisable assets, we are entitled to write off the bulk of our sacrifice of American securities as a transfer from one sort of investment to another, not as a net loss of national capital.

The general result of these considerations is to show that, although during the war we are living at a rate of national consumption exceeding our current national income, this encroachment on our capital resources has been smaller than is commonly supposed, owing to the enormous stimulation given to production. Although we could not long continue to consume at our present rate, it is evident that we could, if we chose, continue to consume at a much higher than the pre-war level.

But here we come to the central lesson of the war, which is that we can only produce at a higher level on condition that we consume at a higher level. In other words, higher productivity, which everyone admits to be desirable and technically possible, is only economically possible if a larger national consumption takes place. If we accept the judgment of some economists, that we must be content to live poor for many years to come so as to pay for the destruction and debauchery of war, the hideous sacrifice of life and property, cutting down as closely as possible both our private and our public consumption, we are in for terrible times. It is, of course, true that the repair and replacement of destroyed and let-down capital and stocks must for some years be a considerable tax upon current productivity in every nation, and will retard the rate of the accumulation of new instrumental capital. But much of this repair and

replacement may well take shape in improved plant and better technical equipment, lending early aid to the enlarged productivity of brain and labour which we know is available. It affords no valid ground for lowering the rate of public and private consumption to the pre-war level. We must, no doubt, save at an absolutely higher rate in order to contribute our share to the capital damage of the war, and to make up for the absorption of all saving during three years in war loans instead of in new industrial structure. But if the quantity of slack and waste in our pre-war productive system be as great as we find reason to believe, it should be possible to reconcile this enlarged saving with a rate of consumption which, though considerably lower than the aggregate national consumption during war, is much higher than the aggregate pre-war consumption.

The orthodox economic doctrine affords no explanation of the waste of productivity which we now perceive to have been a normal, constant feature of the pre-war economy. Neither fluctuations in harvests nor in public confidence serve to explain the habitual failure to keep our industrial machinery in full working. The current war experience furnishes the exception that "proves the rule," showing how an abnormally and artificially inflated demand for commodities maintains an excessively high rate of production. We could not, indeed, maintain indefinitely this rate of consumption, encroaching, as we see it does, upon our fund of capital. But it seems evident that we could maintain indefinitely a rate of national consumption half-way, let us say, between the pre-war rate and the rate of 1916. If half the demand for munitions and other war goods could be converted into a proportionate demand for peace goods, the "prosperity" of war-time could be maintained in peace-time without damage to the capital structure of industry. On such a basis we could not merely make the needed provision for maintenance and normal increase of plant and other forms of capital, but could effect the equally necessary relaxation of the present excessive strain upon the working power and health of large classes of producers. The pace of current productivity is a pace that kills. The speeding-up, overtime, etc., is taking too much out of the workers. It would be undesirable and practically im-

possible to continue the strain after the war. But it would also be quite unnecessary. For as the demobilised fighters pass again into the ranks of industry, shorter hours and other relaxations of the strain upon the individual worker could be achieved without reducing the aggregate employment and production. Nay, it is likely that the absorption of so many millions into useful industries could be attended by some increase of the aggregate productivity of war-time, without imposing any excessive burden on the individual worker. The fighting men, who during war-time have been large consumers not only of food, clothing, etc., but of arms, ammunition, etc., could continue to be large consumers during peace-time if they helped to maintain the aggregate production of consumables up to or above the war-level. If the aggregate production of commodities were no greater than during the war, the conversion of several hundreds of millions of war-goods into peace-goods would raise greatly the aggregate peace-goods available for consumption, while providing at the same time for the repair and enlargement of the capital structure. I do not desire to depreciate the importance of this provision for capital. But those who hold that for a long time to come we must be content as a nation to "live poor," so as to help repair the damage of war and to supply the thirsty borrowing nations of the world with the fertilising streams of investment stopped during the war, are equally mistaken as to the possible and the desirable. I assent to the proposition that we must save more after the war. But I also insist that we must consume more, and that there is no incompatibility between the two positions. A higher rate of saving and a higher consumption can be simultaneously achieved on condition that productivity itself is raised to a higher level. If the endeavour were made to utilise the high rate of interest so as to stimulate saving at the expense of consumption, the effect would be disastrous. For even if the demand for capital goods could be made so effective as to keep the workers fully occupied in supplying them, labour would not be available upon such terms. High productivity can only be obtained, technically and morally, on condition of maintaining a higher standard of private consumption than before the war, and a higher standard of public expendi-

ture upon housing, hygiene, education, and other public utilities and amenities. The former is necessary to stimulate and maintain, physically and morally, the higher and more productive qualities of labour; the latter, not only to contribute to the raising of the efficiency of labour, but to the general improvement of the productive resources of the land and nation. High productivity demands better education, not merely for the workers, but for the employing and professional classes. It demands also large public expenditure for improved transport, land cultivation, and other "developmental" work. The various committees dealing with reconstruction in its several branches know that if the natural and human resources of the country are really to be organised for the best productive use, an immense and continued expenditure of public money will be necessary.

In a word, the redistribution of income brought about by the exigencies of the war, whereby the spending power of the State upon the one hand, and the workers on the other, was greatly increased, must continue in peace-time. State expenditure must not, of course, be maintained upon anything like the war level, but it must not be let down anywhere near to the pre-war level. Working-class expenditure must be kept up at least to the war level. This last for two reasons. The first is that it is required in order to help keep the productive system in full and regular working by furnishing a regular and adequate demand for the staple material commodities that system is mainly engaged in turning out. The second is that a high standard of productivity is impossible for workers on a low level of consumption. This impossibility is twofold. Workers cannot do their best unless their intake of food and other material goods is adequate to sustain their output of muscular and nervous energy. Workers will not do their best unless they are satisfied with their wages and other industrial conditions. This will to work will not be forthcoming unless the workers are assured that the high productivity it is capable of yielding means for the workers higher wages, more leisure, and a fuller and more interesting life. They will not consent to work upon the pre-war conditions, but will demand their share of the fruits of liberty in a war for liberty.

THE ECONOMICS OF HIGH PRODUCTIVITY

The war-economy has been a dramatically exaggerated revelation of the disease of under-consumption from which our nation, in common with other industrially advanced nations, has been suffering. By violent interferences with the distribution of income, so as to increase the spending power of the Government on the one hand, and the working classes on the other, it has raised rapidly the aggregate consumption. To meet this enhanced demand for commodities, production has been stimulated to a fever pace. Post-war economy ought not to, and indeed cannot, maintain this pace. But if harmonious co-operation can be maintained between capital and labour when peace is restored, the returning millions of workers will enable the aggregate production to continue at an even higher level than in war-time. But this productivity can only be attained on condition that the improved distribution of income brought about by the exigencies of war be substantially retained. In other words, a high level of real wages on the one hand, and a high level of public consumption on the other, are essential conditions for industrial peace, high productivity, and full employment after the war.

The Scavengers*

By Henri Fabre

In the building of the nest, the family safeguard, we see displayed the highest faculties of instinct. That clever architect, the bird, teaches us as much; and the insect, with its still more diverse talents, repeats the lesson, telling us that maternity is the supreme inspirer of instinct. Entrusted with the preservation of the species, which is more important than the preservation of individuals, maternity awakens in the drowsiest intelligence marvellous gleams of foresight; it is the thrice sacred hearth where are kindled the mysterious psychic fires that will suddenly burst into flame and dazzle us with their semblance of infallible reason. The more maternity asserts itself, the higher does instinct ascend.

In this respect no creatures are more deserving of our attention than the Hymenoptera. All these favourites of instinct prepare board and lodging for their offspring. They become master-craftsmen in a host of trades for the sake of a family which their faceted eyes will never behold, but which is, nevertheless, no stranger to the mother's far-seeing intelligence. One turns cotton-spinner and produces woven bottles; another sets up as a basket-maker and braids hampers out of fragments of leaves; a third becomes a mason and builds rooms of cement and domes of road-metal; a fourth opens pottery-works where clay is kneaded into shapely vases and dumpy pots; yet another goes in for mining and digs mysterious underground chambers in the warm, moist earth. A thousand trades similar to ours, or often even unknown to our industrial system, enter into the preparation of the abode. Next come the provisions for the expected nurselings: piles of honey, loaves of pollen, stores of game preserved by a clever paralysing process. In such works as these, having

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the future of the family for their sole object, the highest manifestations of instinct appear under the stimulus of maternity.

So far as the rest of the insect race is concerned, the mother's cares are generally very summary. In most cases all that is done is to lay the eggs in a favourable spot, where the larva can find bed and breakfast at its own risk and peril. When an insect has these rustic ideas about the upbringing of its offspring, talents are superfluous. Lycurgus banished the arts from his republic on the ground that they were enervating. In like manner the higher inspirations of instinct have no home among insects reared in the Spartan fashion. The mother scorns the sweet task of the nurse; and the intellectual prerogatives, which are the best of all, diminish and disappear, so true is it that, with animals as with ourselves, the family is a source of perfection.

While the Hymenopteron, so extremely thoughtful of its progeny, fills us with wonder, the others, which abandon theirs to the accident of good luck or bad, must seem to us, by comparison, of little interest. These others form almost the whole of the entomological race; at least, among the fauna of our country-sides, there is, to my knowledge, only one other example of insects preparing board and lodging for their family, as do the gatherers of honey and the buriers of well-filled game-bags.

And, strange to say, these insects, vying in maternal solicitude with the flower-despoiling tribe of Bees, are none other than the Dung-beetles, the dealers in ordure, the scavengers of the cattle-fouled meadows. We must pass from the scented blossoms of our flower-beds to the mule-droppings of our high roads to find a second instance of devoted mothers and lofty instincts. Nature abounds in these antitheses. What are our ugliness or beauty, our cleanliness or dirt to her? Out of filth she creates the flower; from a little manure she extracts the thrice-blessed grain of wheat.

Notwithstanding their disgusting occupation, the Dung-beetles are of very respectable standing. Their size, which is generally imposing; their severe and immaculately glossy attire; their portly bodies, thick-set and compact; the quaint ornamentation of brow or thorax: all these make

them cut an excellent figure in the collector's boxes, especially when to our home species, oftenest of an ebon black, we add a few tropical varieties a-glitter with gleams of gold and flashes of burnished copper.

They are the sedulous attendants of our herds, for which reason several of them are faintly redolent of benzoic acid, the aromatic of the sheepfolds; and they have as head of their line the Sacred Scarab, whose strange behaviour had already attracted the attention of the fellah labouring in the valley of the Nile some thousand years before the Christian era. As he watered his patch of onions the Egyptian would see from time to time, in the spring season, a fat black insect pass close by, hurriedly trundling a ball of camel-dung backwards. He would watch the queer rolling thing in amazement, even as the Provençal peasant watches it to this day.

No one fails to be surprised when he first finds himself in the presence of the Scarab, who, with his head down and his long hind-legs in the air, pushes with might and main his huge pill, the source of so many awkward tumbles. Undoubtedly the simple fellah, on beholding this spectacle, wondered what that ball could be, what object the black creature could have in rolling it along with such vigour. The peasant of to-day asks himself the same question.

In the days of the Rameses and Thothmes superstition had something to say in the matter; men saw in the rolling sphere an image of the world performing its daily evolution; and the Scarab received divine honours. In memory of his ancient glory he is still the Sacred Beetle of the modern naturalists.

It is six or seven thousand years since the curious pill-maker first got himself talked about; are his habits thoroughly familiar to us yet? Do we know the exact use for which he intends his ball? Do we know how he rears his family? Not at all. The most authoritative works perpetuate the grossest errors where he is concerned.

Ancient Egypt used to say that the Scarab rolls his ball from east to west, the direction in which the earth moves. He next buries it underground for twenty-eight days, the period of a lunary revolution. This four weeks' incubation quickens the pill-maker's progeny. On the

twenty-ninth day, which the insect knows to be that of the conjunction of the sun and moon and of the birth of the world, he goes back to his buried ball; he digs it up, opens it and throws it into the Nile. That completes the cycle. Immersion in the sacred waters causes a Scarab to emerge from the ball.

Let us not laugh overmuch at these Pharaonic stories; they contain a modicum of truth mingled with the fantastic theories of astrology. Moreover, a good deal of the laughter would recoil upon our own science, for the fundamental error of regarding as the Scarab's cradle the ball which we see rolling across the fields still lingers in our text-books. All the authors who write about the Sacred Beetle repeat it; the tradition has come down to us intact from the far-off days when the Pyramids were built.

The early chapters of my investigations into the nature of instinct proved, in the most categorical fashion, that the round pellets rolled hither and thither along the ground by the insect do not—and indeed cannot—contain germs. They are not habitations for the egg and the grub; they are provisions which the Sacred Beetle hurriedly removes from the madding crowd in order to bury them and consume them at leisure in a subterranean dining-room.

Nearly forty years have elapsed since I used eagerly to collect the materials to support my iconoclastic assertions on the Plateau des Angles, near Avignon, and nothing has happened to invalidate my statements; far from it: everything has corroborated them. The incontestable proof came at last when I obtained the Scarab's nest, a genuine nest this time, gathered in such quantities as I wished and in some cases even shaped before my eyes.

I have described elsewhere my former vain attempts to find the larva's abode; I have described the pitiful failure of my efforts at rearing under cover; and perhaps the reader commiserated my woes when he saw me on the outskirts of the town stealthily and ingloriously gathering in a paper bag the donation presented by a passing mule for my charges. Certainly, as things were, my task was no easy one. My boarders, who were great consumers—or, more correctly speaking, great wasters—used to beguile the tedium of captivity by playing at art for art's sake in the glad sunshine. Pill followed on pill, all beautifully

round, to be abandoned unused after a few exercises in rolling. The heap of provisions, which I had so painfully acquired in the friendly shadow of the gloaming, was squandered with disheartening rapidity; and there came a time when the daily bread failed. Moreover, the stringy manna falling from the horse or the mule is hardly suited to the mother's work, as I learnt afterwards. Something more homogeneous is needed, something more plastic; and this only the sheep's somewhat laxer bowels are able to supply.

In short, though my earlier studies taught me all about the Scarab's public manners, for several reasons they told me nothing of his private habits. The nest-building problem remained as obscure as ever. Its solution demands a good deal more than the straitened resources of a town and the scientific equipment of a laboratory. It requires prolonged residence in the country; it requires the proximity of flocks and herds in the bright sunshine. Given these conditions, success is assured provided that we have zeal and perseverance; and those conditions I find in perfection in my quiet village of Sérignan.

Provisions, my great difficulty in the old days, are now to be had for the asking. Close to my house mules pass along the high road on their way to the fields and back again; morning and evening flocks of sheep go by, making for the pasture or the fold; not five yards from my door my neighbour's goat is tethered: I can hear her bleating as she nibbles away at her ring of grass. Moreover, should food be scarce in my immediate vicinity, there are always youthful purveyors who, lured by visions of lollipops, are ready to scour the country after victuals for my Beetles.

They arrive, not one but a dozen, bringing their contributions in the queerest of receptacles. In this novel procession of gift-bearers any concave thing that chances to be handy is employed: the crown of an old hat, a broken tile, a bit of stove-pipe, the bottom of a spinning-top, a fragment of a basket, an old shoe hardened into a sort of boat, at a pinch the collector's own cap.

"It's prime stuff this time," their shining eyes seem to proclaim. "It's something extra special."

The goods are duly approved and are paid for on the spot, as agreed. To close the transaction in a fitting manner,

I take the victuallers to the cages and show them the Beetle rolling his pill. They gaze in wonder at the funny creature that looks as if it were playing with its ball; they laugh at its tumbles and scream with delight at its clumsy struggles when it comes to grief and lies on its back kicking. A charming sight, especially when the sweets bulging in the youngsters' cheeks are just beginning to melt deliciously. Thus the zeal of my little collaborators is kept alive. There is no fear of my boarders starving: their larder will be lavishly supplied.

Who are these boarders? Well, first and foremost the Sacred Beetle, the chief subject of my present investigations. Sérignan's long screen of hills might well mark his extreme northern boundary. Here ends the Mediterranean flora, whose last ligneous representatives are the arboraceous heather and the arbutus-tree; and here, in all probability, the mighty pill-maker, a passionate lover of the sun, terminates his arctic explorations. He abounds on the hot slopes facing the south and in the narrow belt of plain sheltered by that powerful reflector. According to all appearances, the elegant Gallic Bolboceras and the stalwart Spanish Copris likewise stop at this line, for both are as sensitive to cold as he. To these curious Dung-beetles, whose private habits are so little known, let us add the Gymnopleuri, the Minotaur, the Geotrupes, the Onthophagi. They are all welcomed in my cages, for all of them, I am convinced beforehand, have surprises in store for us in the details of their underground business.

My cages have a capacity of about a cubic yard. Except for the front, which is of wire gauze, the whole is made of wood. This prevents too much rain from coming in, the effect of which would be to turn the layer of earth in my open-air appliances into mud. Excessive moisture would be fatal to the prisoners, who cannot, in their straitened artificial demesne, act as they do when at liberty and prolong their digging indefinitely until they come upon a medium suitable to their operations. They want soil which is porous and not too dry, though in no danger of ever becoming muddy. The earth in the cages, therefore, is of a sandy character and, after being sifted, is slightly moistened and flattened down just enough to prevent any landslips in the future galleries. Its depth is barely ten

or eleven inches, which is insufficient in certain cases, but those of the inmates who have a fancy for deep galleries —the Geotrupes, for instance—are well able to make up horizontally for what is denied them perpendicularly.

The trellised front has a south aspect and allows the sun's rays to penetrate right into the dwelling. The opposite side, which faces north, consists of two shutters, one above the other. They are movable and are kept in place by hooks or bolts. The top one opens for food to be distributed and for the closing of the cage; it is the kitchen door for everyday use. It is also the entrance-gate for any new captives whom I succeed in bagging. The bottom shutter, which keeps the layer of earth in position, is only opened on great occasions, when we want to surprise the insect in its home life and to ascertain the condition of the underground processes. Then the bolts are drawn; the board, which is on hinges, falls; and a vertical section of the soil is laid bare, giving us an excellent opportunity of studying the Dung-beetles' work. Our examination is made with the point of a knife and has to be conducted with the utmost care. In this way we get with precision and without difficulty industrial details which could not always be obtained by laborious digging in the open fields.

Nevertheless, outdoor investigations are indispensable and often yield far more important results than anything derived from home-rearing; for, though some Dung-beetles are indifferent to captivity and work in the cage with their customary vigour, others, of a more nervous temperament, or perhaps more cautious, distrust my boarded palaces and are extremely reluctant to surrender their secrets. It is only once in a way that they fall victims to my assiduous wooing. Besides, if my menagerie is to be run properly, I must know something of what is happening outside, if only to find out the right time of the year for my various projects. It is essential, therefore, that our study of the insect in captivity should be amply supplemented by observations of its life and habits in its wild state.

At early dawn in the dog-days, when my insects are busy with their nest-building, you may see him in the meadows. When night falls and the heat begins to lessen he is still there; and all day long, till far into the night, he passes to and fro among the pill-rollers, who are

attracted from every quarter by the reek of the victuals strewn by his sheep. Well posted in the various points of my entomological problems, he watches events and keeps me informed. He awaits his opportunity; he inspects the grass. With his knife he lays bare the subterranean cells which is betrayed by its little mound of earth; he scrapes, digs and finds; and it all constitutes a glorious change from his vague pastoral musings.

Ah, what a splendid morning we spend together, in the cool of the day, seeking the nest of the Scarab or the Copris! Old Sultan is there, seated on some knoll or other, keeping an autocratic eye upon the fleecy rabble. Nothing, not even the crust held out by a friendly hand, distracts his attention from his exalted functions. Certainly he is not much to look at, with his tangled black coat, soiled with the thousands of seeds that have caught in it. He is not a handsome dog, but what a lot of sense there is in his shaggy head, what a talent for knowing exactly what is permitted and what forbidden, for perceiving the absence of some heedless one forgotten behind a dip in the ground! Upon my word, one would think that he knew the number of sheep confided to his care, *his* sheep, though never a bone of them comes his way. He has counted them from the top of his knoll. One is missing. Sultan rushes off. Here he comes, bringing the straggler back to the flock. Clever dog! I admire your skill in arithmetic, though I fail to understand how your crude brain ever acquired it. Yes, old fellow, we can rely on you; the two of us, your master and I, can hunt the Dung-beetle at our ease and disappear in the copsewood; not one of your charges will go astray, not one will nibble at the neighbouring vines.

It was in this way that I worked at early morn, before the sun grew too hot, in partnership with the young shepherd and our common friend Sultan, though at times I was alone, sole pastor of the seventy bleating sheep. And so the materials were gathered for my history of the Sacred Beetle and his emulators.

A Plea for Amateur Composers

By Francis Toye

It seems probable that of all categories of persons who will be affected by the economic conditions prevailing after the war few, if any, will be more hit than the musicians. And the better the musician, the more, I fear, is he likely to suffer. The ballad-monger, the sentimental tenor, and the bluff, breezy baritone will doubtless continue their profitable, if inglorious, career much as before. For the suburbs will still give musical *soirées*, and the rather depressed public of our national seaside resorts must be amused somehow—if only by music! But the real artist, whether in composition, singing, or playing, is going to find life difficult. The new rich, who have waxed fat on War Loan and shipping, will have very little use for him; the old rich (in so far as they ever did patronise him before) will, in the main, be rich no longer. Ten or fifteen years will necessarily elapse before the new education, preconised by Mr. Fisher, turns the thoughts of the great public towards good music. And in less than ten years a man can starve to death quite comfortably.

For the singer and player, perhaps, the outlook is not altogether hopeless. The Beecham Opera seems likely to be a permanent National Opera, and will offer a living to some few good singers with suitable voices. The revival of interest in chamber-music, too, should eventually help the serious singer almost as much as it helps the serious player. Intelligent concert-going is largely a question of habit, and people who have become accustomed to go and hear Frank Bridge's Quartets are likely to prefer singers who interpret Vaughan-Williams rather than, let us say, Herman Löhr. Besides, there is, in any event, always a certain market for the talents of an executive artist, however good a musician he may be!

But for the serious composer who hopes to make his

living by composition I can see no redeeming feature of any kind. The only consolation is to point out that it is practically impossible for him so to live already. With two, or perhaps three, exceptions, I can think of no serious composer who relies for maintenance on the sale of his compositions. If he has no private means, he sells his soul to some musical academy, or he conducts a theatre orchestra, or he gives the inevitable piano lessons to the customary young ladies, or, worst of all, he becomes a church organist. The lay public do not sufficiently remember these facts. To them the composer is a romantic figure, all hair and no appetite, expected, moreover, to be slightly hysterical and habitually unfaithful to his wife, who spends a dreamy, semi-lunatic existence scratching abstractedly on music-paper. Alas! such an existence, excellent though it might be as an antidote to the middle-class stodginess of some of our composers, is quite impossible without a private income of a thousand a year; and not even in the twenty-first century are we likely to find a Patron's Fund or a Carnegie Trust endowing composers to this extent. It is really important that the public should realise that the average composer never has and never will live by composition alone. The contrary illusion is responsible for much of that *Schwärmerei* which is the greatest curse to music at the present time.

Nevertheless the public, in thus unconsciously singling out composition as the only striking and indeed interesting feature in a composer, show a perfectly sound instinct. If they would only go a step further and realise that the composer is by far the most important figure in music, the whole level of our musical taste would be immeasurably raised. At present all the limelight is turned on to any player or singer whose talents or vagaries are of a kind to impress the paragraphists of the halfpenny Press. Moreover, the singers or players themselves naturally combine to foster this illusion in the public. It is due to their genius, they say, that the composer's work is appreciated; it is owing to their kindness that his compositions are heard at all. Still, the hard fact remains that the composer is the creative artist. So I make no apology, in speculating as to the future of music after the war, for confining my attention to the composer. He is, in fact, music.

What advice, then, should be given to the young man with an irrepressible desire for musical composition who has to choose a career after the war? To me, at any rate, the answer is clear: "Choose a profession and write music as an amateur." I should like further to emphasise the fact that, in my opinion, this advice should be given not only to the slightly talented, but to those who have a really remarkable gift. It would, to put the matter in a concrete form, embrace the majority of our contemporary composers, were they young men of twenty hesitating on the threshold of life.

Now, that many people will very furiously disagree I am well aware. Lest, however, they should take the trouble to disagree with what I do not mean as well as with what I do, I should like to explain two points at once. If a boy be a Mozart, a Wagner, or even a Debussy or a Humperdinck, it is obviously ridiculous to think of his adopting any other career but that of music. Unfortunately, not one composer in a thousand is a Mozart, nor yet one in five hundred a Debussy. The great composer is great because he is a great exception, and to argue from exceptions is silly. The composer we are considering is the average composer with something genuine and beautiful to say, not the towering genius. Indeed, the dividing line should be drawn considerably below either Debussy or Humperdinck. I could give precise examples among various living composers of where I think it should be drawn, but from sheer cowardice I refrain. And among the dead it would be useless, because the names of such men, except to the student, are completely unknown—a fact which may serve incidentally to remind some of us how very little music, even good music, survives in proportion to that which is written. The second misconception may lie in the use of the word "amateur." By an unfortunate but only too well justified extension of meaning, the terms "amateur" and "amateurishness" have come to signify in English definite incompetence. Needless to say, I contemplate nothing of the sort. By "amateur" I only mean a person whose time is not wholly or even mainly devoted to writing music, and whose livelihood is not dependent on the sale of his compositions. An amateur may be good, bad, or indifferent, according to his ability, enthusiasm, or perseverance.

There is nothing inherent in the status itself which justifies *a priori* judgment. We have all suffered from the ravages of the amateur, none more than the present writer, who may feelingly exclaim with the pious Aeneas:

> quaeque ipse miserrima vidi,
> Et quorum pars magna fui;

but there is no reason to damn a good name because of a bad dog!

Taking, however, my meaning in its real sense, a man may well object that a collection of amateur composers will fail to reach the standard of technique expected in modern composition. This is certainly possible, and I must admit that the general standard of technique among composers might be lowered. Modern musical composition in its more ambitious forms is a very intricate business, and a great deal of labour and experience is necessary to master it. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that if a man is passionately absorbed in anything, and is prepared to devote the major portion of his spare time to it, the sum total of available hours is surprisingly large. Even supposing that our amateur composer devoted to music and composition only the same amount of time as the enthusiastic amateur golfer or gardener devotes to his hobby, he would probably achieve something quite respectable. It was pointed out earlier that, under present conditions, very much of the composer's time is already taken up by musical hack-work of various kinds. People may say that, at any rate, such hack-work all has to do with music, and that he gains experience which is useful to him as a composer. Sometimes, of course, this is so; but sometimes the effect is most emphatically the contrary. If we had in England sufficient provincial orchestras and municipal or national opera-houses to provide *Kapellmeister* careers for some considerable proportion of our composers, the position would be different. But we have not, and the present alternative remains more or less hack-work pure and simple. Giving music lessons to untalented and inattentive pupils is not exactly a stimulating pursuit; and a surfeit of Anglican hymns and church choirs spells eventual ruin to the musical digestion. At least our amateur composer would be spared these horrors, and his leisure hours, kept

sacred to composition, would be untainted by reminiscences of drudgery and bad taste.

Were not life in His Majesty's Army so entirely incompatible with the possession of books of reference, it might be possible for me to collect quite a number of instances of amateur composers who have acquired a very considerable technique—Borodin, for instance, leaps to the mind at once—but the argument would, in any event, be more specious than conclusive. Contemporary musical conditions are quite new, and the fact that the composer of *Prince Igor* was a chemist proves nothing except that he was also a musical genius. The thesis, such as it is, must stand on its own feet, unsupported by ancient saws or modern instances.

On the whole, then, I am prepared to admit that our amateur composer would probably lose somewhat in technique. For that we should have to look to the few composers who definitely preferred a conventional musical life and to the one or two fortunate geniuses able to live on the fruits of their compositions. Of course, it is open to anyone to object here that he is not interested in any but these geniuses, and that what happens to the average composer is of no importance anyhow. Such an objection is reasonable enough from the selfish point of view, but from the point of view of the musical community it is, I think, untenable. The average composer is a very important person; he goes to form the common stock from which the exceptional composer springs. If the stock is poor it is very difficult to imagine there being any exception worth talking about at all. Doubtless it would be possible to find instances to the contrary, but, on the whole, it is safe to say that of all difficult tasks in the world the most difficult is for a man to be completely superior to his environment.

Now it is just because of what may perhaps be called the environment of composition that the idea of amateur composers is attractive. A boy of decided musical gifts would receive his general education in the ordinary manner, neither neglecting music nor specialising in it overmuch. By the time he left school he would be capable of developing himself into a properly educated man—in which, by the way, he would already have the advantage over some

professional contemporaries—and he would, of course, proceed to study music seriously.

About the age of twenty-five he ought to be fairly proficient, and long before thirty he should have not a few manuscripts hidden in his cupboard. In short, he would begin his career just where some of our clever young men seem likely to end. At the present time there is a perfect craze for music scarcely out of its teens, with the result that music often seems not to grow up to manhood at all. At least our amateur composer would develop normally and not exhaust himself in saying something before he had something to say. Prodigies, whether infant or adolescent, may be a credit to their parents, but they fly in the face of Providence. And Providence has a way of making the punishment fit the crime in the most striking manner. The amateur composer, moreover, would confer on the world the great benefit of not writing too much. He would be free from the necessity of "keeping his name before the public." He could polish and repolish his music, cast and recast it, in a manner unknown to the hard-pressed professional. He might even listen to the occasional claims of the waste-paper basket. What is more, having acquired his musical education at not too rapid a rate, he should have a good chance of preserving that freshness and spontaneity which the concentrated drudgery of present-day musical training notoriously destroys in so many composers of talent. And since it is precisely freshness and spontaneity which constitute the special charm of the minor composer as of the minor poet, that would seem to me a very great gain indeed.

But perhaps the most valuable advantage accruing to the amateur composer would be that of independence. He could afford to indulge that splendid pride which makes of the true artist a kinsman to the aristocrat. He could follow the course of his own development without giving a thought to the prejudices of musical critics or the susceptibilities of executive musicians. Among the latter he would find equality and friendship instead of condescension and caprice, as is too often the case at present. The former he would be able to value for their critical ability instead of their capacity for mere "boosting." To him pot-boiling would be at least unnecessary, if not unknown. Of course,

a deal of nonsense is written about pot-boiling. Most composers would be proud to boil the pot in such a manner as to produce an *Aïda*, but there is all the difference in the world between a commission in which full artistic liberty is left to the artist and one in which he is forced to do something that he knows to be bad. Our amateur composer would, at any rate, have no excuse for the second alternative. Avarice might prompt or vanity suggest it, but necessity could never compel him to be untrue to himself and his ideals.

Lastly, with his independence as an artist should develop his excellence as a man. He would be really in touch with life instead of living, as so many composers do, in a hothouse of fads and fury. He would come into touch with quite ordinary people, not merely with a few specialised cliques. Above all, he would gain a sense of proportion. Nor would the advantage be all on one side. Our composer might gain from contact with the experiences of ordinary society, but ordinary society would gain at least as much from contact with the composer. Were composers to be found everywhere—and the number of composers would certainly be doubled or trebled if composition were regarded as a rather elegant hobby—that dull, inert mass of Philistinism which constitutes the society of our English towns would gradually acquire some musical leaven. Fissures would appear in the most bridge-ridden communities; cleavages be noticeable in the most golf-absorbed families. Gradually the whole basis of music would be broadened. It would not be regarded as odd to be musical, or as priggish and slightly effeminate to prefer *The Magic Flute* to, let us say, *Bubbly*. If, as I firmly believe, the ideal to strive after is that music should become just as natural and obvious a recreation to English people as gardening is now, that ideal would certainly be helped by the advent of the amateur composer. We might even approximate to those conditions, said to have prevailed once upon a time in this country, wherein every gentleman was expected to be able to write a tune and to sing a part. And are we not, all of us, gentlemen nowadays?

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

Irish Settlement

By Professor John MacNeill

I MET John MacNeill in Ireland, and, as the result of several conversations, I asked him to state the attitude of Sinn Fein, of which he is one of the leaders, in an article. Readers will now see that there is nothing "treasonable" in the aspirations of Sinn Fein, and that the way of reconciliation and construction lies in the acceptance of the movement as a Party in the spirit of the age. I earnestly hope that the Government will read MacNeill's article with the considered attention it deserves nationally and internationally.—ED.

THE Russian delegates who were in London some weeks ago spoke wisely when they said that it was necessary to get away clear from the statecraft not of Cæsardom nor of the Middle Ages, but of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. I own that it is hard to get away from the ideas of that statecraft under which we have been born and reared, in which we have acquiesced when we have not been engaged in backing it up or in battling against it. Yes, in battling against it; for the war has shown how far those who proclaim warfare against a certain set of ideas in world-politics can themselves either become infected with what they profess to combat or—I am not judging between the alternatives—can be forced to disclose, from beneath their own garb of propriety, the presence of the uncomeliness that they condemn. It is hard indeed to get away from these ideas, hardest perhaps for those who have held sway in the welter of international politics, easiest perhaps for those who, like the newly enfranchised politicians of Russia, have been kept free by servitude

from willing participation in the statecraft of the dead centuries.

It provokes a smile, but not a smile of mirth, when one hears and reads how political questions of the present and the future are still gravely discussed in terms of the obsolescent era. Surely no transcendent imagination is needed to realise that, since the war is incomparably the biggest event in political history, it is certain to open new ways in which previous political experience will afford no true or safe guidance. The war itself is the death-agony of the old political world. Adhesion to the statecraft of the past is the sure token of ineptitude in statesmen of the present and of the future. For certain grizzled veterans it is high wisdom to proclaim that "Ireland is the Heligoland of the Atlantic." Our children will admire the archaic touches in some picture in which these fine old fellows, still swearing by the nineteenth century, are depicted thumping the table till the grog leaps high in their glasses. But even now a new wine is fermenting that will not be contained in the old bottles.

It is risky to attempt forecasting the unprecedented. We may still be far away from the parliament of man, the federation of the world; or it may be upon our threshold. There is one anticipation from which we need not shrink. The fundamental notion of statecraft during the past era has been the "sovereign independent State," the State absolute. In this conception the State, and therefore statesmanship, have been stripped of all ethical character. Towards the subject the State is sovereign. "The king" —*i.e.*, the State—"can do no wrong," and on the part of the "subject," for this is the significant term for the individual citizen, to resist the State under any circumstances, to any degree—disaffection, sedition, treason, rebellion—is a crime. Success alone, as in the American or the Russian Revolution, can change such crimes to virtues; and what was wrong to meditate becomes right to achieve. Towards other States the State is independent, and here again the State can do no wrong; *silent leges inter arma.* The doctrine of sovereign independence removes statesmanship from the reach of morality. Yet it is daily evident that the ordinary man thinks the State bound in some way by the moral law, by "thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal,

thou shalt not bear false witness, thou shalt not covet." The statesman, whatever his own notions may be, recognises this sentiment in the people, and is ever straining to make the case that the commandments are kept by his own State and broken by the enemy's—pleas inconsistent with the pure theory of sovereign independence.

Now, the present war is the greatest of all wars. It affects the lives of more ordinary men than any previous war. It is watched, discussed, "canvassed in all its bearings," by a far larger number of ordinary men, with a larger knowledge or assumption of knowledge, than in the case of any previous war. The natural result is to revise the hitherto prevalent notion of sovereign independence. Already we can see the notion in process of modification. Several of the belligerent Powers have themselves questioned the right of sovereignty where it is claimed by imperial States over subject nations. Great Britain and France have echoed the declarations of America and Russia. The doctrine of the rights of nations has been set up against the doctrine of absolute sovereignty. It is not unlikely that the theory of independence may have to give way to a theory of interdependence. Here may be stated what at first sight may appear to be a paradox. When the idea of interdependence takes concrete form, it will be found that the interdependent nations will be in enjoyment of a much larger degree of real liberty than is at present enjoyed by the independent States.

The truth of this apparent paradox is easily illustrated. Let us imagine a small island inhabited, as are one or two islands that I know, by some sixty or seventy families; and let us imagine that each of these families, in its relation to all the others, enjoys sovereign independence. The condition is one not of civil liberty but of anarchy. Those who are sovereign and independent can do no wrong, therefore there is no law and there are no stable rights. It is in the stability of rights, and not in the power of men to do whatever they wish to do, that real liberty consists. For the condition of independence, let a condition of interdependence, that is to say of law even in the mildest form, of some effective mutual recognition of stable rights, be introduced; let the arbitrary power of every family be replaced by any scheme or consensus giving some effect to rights

and duties as between family and family; and it is certain that the level of real liberty will be raised all round. So true is this that no instance has ever been known in which a human community has deliberately reverted or desired to revert from a condition of interdependence to one of independence.

The modern world of sovereign independent States has been a world of international or, rather, if I may invent a word, interstatual anarchy. Of such a condition of States the present war is quite a proper outcome, and the immensity of its evils will force civilised mankind to seek a better basis for the future of civilisation, not in any victory of the old system but in a victory of new ideas. Fame and good name will come to those statesmen alone who are able to detach themselves from the Statecraft of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Proceeding from these premisses, I venture to put the case of Ireland before the readers of the ENGLISH REVIEW. In the recent series of Parliamentary elections the people of Ireland have shown that their true claim is to obtain a national liberty not less than that possessed by any other nation. The issue at all these elections has been between the maximum and some diminished grade of national liberty. The elections have been fought and won for the maximum on a stale register and under a restricted franchise. A fresh register would have given increased majorities, and adult suffrage would have shown practical unanimity of public opinion. Already it is seen how obsolete are the political ideas of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In each of those centuries many Irishmen were sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered for advocating the same programme that has been approved by the votes of the majority in Roscommon, Longford, Clare, and Kilkenny.

It is due to Sir Edward Carson to admit that he has been the first leader of public opinion in Ireland to recognise (and he is a lawyer) that the terms "sedition," "treason," "rebellion," etc., have lost the force attached to them by State lawyers of the buried centuries. Having become Attorney-General for England and Cabinet Minister, he has not wavered from his opinion. The other day, in Belfast, in a hospital ward recently named "The Mountjoy," Sir

Edward accepted from his admirers the gift of a model of the ship "Mountjoy." In regard of the obsolete forms of statecraft, the majority and the minority in Ireland are at one. And now that the majority has begun to speak out its mind, there is very little difference between its mind and the mind of the minority. I am an Ulsterman of the north-east, what is called an Ulster Scot, and I know that what I say is true. Ulster supplied the sturdiest element in the sedition, treason, and rebellion that brought about the independence of the United States of America. Independence is in the blood of Ulstermen. Cambrensis bore witness to it seven centuries ago. Milton found the "blockish Presbyterians" of Belfast unsubmissive to the Cromwell *régime*. In my early days I often heard "To hell with the Constitution" from the lips of Antrim Orangemen, grandsons of the Orangemen who protested against the Union. The Protestant parts of Ulster were the strongholds of the United Irishmen. I remember one Ulster ballad which contained these words:—

> "And being true republicans
> We came from Belfast town,
> And the flag we flew at our masthead
> Was the Harp without the Crown."

Independence, sometimes rather uncouthly expressed, is the keynote of democratic Orangism still—"I'm from Newtownards and I'll spit where I like." It was an appeal to the sentiment of independence that brought the Protestant youth of Ulster into the Ulster Volunteer Force, to resist, if need were, the authority of the Imperial Parliament. The popular "Unionist" motto was not "save us from Home Rule," but "we won't have Home Rule," and Sir Edward knew he was touching the right chord when he said, "It may pass the Imperial Parliament, but it won't pass Portadown." *Sinn Fein* ("ourselves") is less disliked in Ulster than the compromise programme of so-called Constitutionalism.

In the July number of this Review, Major Stuart-Stephens has advocated the establishment of an Irish Republic within the Empire. The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are already so far out of date that the proposal has been received without any visible shock. This is a case in which England, as well as Ireland, ought to take

its courage in both hands. Mr. Redmond's mistake must not be repeated. The right and the wise thing for England to do is to consent freely, without grudge, if possible with generous cordiality, to the establishment of an Irish Republic unconditionally. That is the proposal I have to make. I make it because I want to see a true and final settlement of the differences between my country and England, because I am convinced that national liberty, unlimited except by that interdependence which I hope for among all civilised nations, is the best thing for Ireland. I hold that it will also be best for England.

My own experience for the last five or six years has been the experience of the evolution of an Irish Republic. Many thousands, I think now the great majority, of Irishmen have travelled the same road. No doubt we all held in the germ what we now, owing to the hatching heat of a world crisis, put forth in full development. Some years ago, on Mr. Redmond's platform at the monster meeting in O'Connell Street, I supported the demand for Home Rule, but I said, "I am convinced that whatever they hold back from us will become a thorn in the flesh to them rather than to us." If now, from the ruins of O'Connell Street and with reference to any other proposal for a settlement, I say the same thing, let me not be met in the spirit of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, with the senile cries of "sedition" and "treason." Then, as now, as my words indicate, I desired not alone the fullest liberty for Ireland, but also a true and final settlement of our ancient quarrel. For twenty-four years I have been in public life, and for four years in politics. I have always advocated a positive constructive policy of Nationalism, not a purely negative policy of hostility to England. We Irish are not a vindictive or a malignant people; it may, indeed, be true that we too much lack the gall to make oppression bitter. It is possibly matter for surprise that we do not hate more the England we know best, the England that manifests itself to us through its official agents in Ireland. I would not write this article if I did not hope that there may be found in England minds courageous and generous enough to seek and find the way to a settlement that will leave no thorn in the flesh.

To this proposal for a settlement in full, there are, so far as I know, only two objections of importance, viz., that

the military control of Ireland is necessary to the security of Great Britain, and that the Ulster minority require Great Britain's protection.

The first objection, to be justified, must be brought under a general principle, and in this case the general principle must be that a State or country is entitled to hold military control over another country for the sake of military advantage. We may admit that this is good eighteenth and nineteenth century doctrine. It is undiluted militarism. Does it hold out any hope of a settlement? Can we imagine an Irish people so mean-spirited as to be content to inhabit a Heligoland of the Atlantic?

The less freedom offered in any "settlement," the less that settlement will settle anything. The greater freedom offered in any "settlement" short of the settlement in full, the larger must be the measures for military security and the more obvious the apparatus of control. From this dilemma, half-heartedness provides no escape.

We are often adjured or advised to forget the past, even while acts of Government in Ireland are making the past present and therefore impossible to forget. Is it not precisely because Englishmen will not forget the past in Ireland that they look upon a free Ireland as a danger to England? The counsels of fear are always treacherous. Let us face the problem without fear and with commonsense.

Ireland, with ruined industries and a reduced population, is still the largest buyer of British products in Europe. With restored prosperity and a full population, Ireland must be the best market for British goods in the world. British restrictions on Irish prosperity, so far as they have not been dictated by a fear to forget the past, have had their root in fallacious economic ideas that were exploded even in the eighteenth century. Prosperity in Ireland must involve an increase of prosperity in Great Britain.

Great Britain has been and will be the principal market for exported Irish produce.

These are facts from which nobody in Ireland or in Britain can get away. Some Englishmen say they cannot understand Ireland, and some, because they cannot understand, take refuge in setting us down as a perverse people. Such persons may be capable of arguing that a free Ireland

will be perverse enough to create difficulties hostile to her most obvious material interests.

No country will have a greater interest in the world's peace than Ireland. She will have no colonies and will meditate no conquests. She will have nothing to hope for and much to risk through entangling alliances or engagements with other States, or through allowing her own territory to be used in any way for their purposes in war; and she will be well circumstanced to prevent its use in that way.

I come, now, to the objection that "Ulster," meaning so much of Ulster as nobody is able to determine, will require to be protected against the rest of Ireland. This has been the chief argument of late against Irish self-government in any degree. It was not always so. A few years ago the project of "partition," of granting Home Rule to Ireland with the exception of Ulster, was discussed by Mr. Walter Long at a meeting of the Irish Unionist Alliance. Mr. Long scouted the proposal as the most futile that had yet been made in the Home Rule controversy. He stated, amid applause, that in a self-governing Ireland Ulster would be thoroughly well able to take care of herself—a true and honest statement. He went on to say that the section of Irishmen who would really require to be protected against oppression was the scattered Unionist and Protestant community outside of Ulster, whose position would be still further weakened by the political separation of Ulster. And now we find that the case for the Unionists outside of Ulster has been abandoned. More than that, the Ulster Covenant, which was solemnly made applicable to every part of the province, has been torn up, and the Covenanters in several counties of Ulster have been abandoned. Ulster has been made a convenient tool. Every argument in favour of excluding Unionist Ulster from a national government has still greater force against excluding the large Nationalist minority in Ulster. The two negatives cancel each other. The South African settlement made no exclusive provision on behalf of the large British minority that stood loyal to the Empire during the South African War.

Being an Ulsterman, I can testify to the truth and wisdom of Mr. Long's declaration. Protestant Ulster needs no special safeguards. In the *Irish Review* for December, 1913, "An Ulster Imperialist" wrote: "The

status quo in Ireland has gone. We shall never get back to the form of government in which we have all hitherto lived. Therefore some form of local Irish autonomy is certain. The exclusion of Ulster, or of any part of Ulster, from the form of government prevailing in Ireland, no matter of what kind, is impossible."

There would be no objection to including in the Irish Constitution provisions, based on general principles, which would remove the apprehensions of reasonable people among the minority in all parts of Ireland as well as Ulster. The judges of the Supreme Court in Ireland, sitting together, might form a court of appeal on constitutional questions, and the present *personnel* of the Court would afford an ample guarantee that during the transition period the Protestant, and what is now the Unionist interest, would be well safeguarded. With regard to legislation, the Constitution might provide that there should be no preferential treatment for any particular religion. For public appointments, the principle of open competitive examination should have maximum application. In education, there should be public standards of efficiency, and *every* school, according to its efficiency, should be entitled to share proportionately in the public grants.

The maintenance of Irish independence and of the inviolability of Irish territory would be of especial interest to Great Britain and the United States, and these happen to be the countries which contain the largest Irish element, outside of Ireland, in their population. They are also the countries that are likely to have the most intimate commercial relations with Ireland. Only from Britain would Ireland be liable to a sudden invasion in force, and we need hardly doubt that, having once arrived at friendly relations with Ireland on the most secure basis, Great Britain would not desire to make Ireland again her enemy.

The alternative is the perpetual military domination of Ireland—and not merely of Ireland's fighting strength, or of her economic interests, as in the past, but of all the spiritual forces of a tenacious people which is now clearer and stronger than ever in the determination to preserve its nationality. Ireland cannot be conquered. Partial conquests have been effected again and again, and the attempt may still be meditated. But the world is changing before

our eyes, and the old saying is worth bearing in mind : Once too often the pitcher goes to the well.

Postscript.—The basis of the notion of interdependence —as against independence—among States and nations should be, I imagine, a recognition of the principle that obtains in civilised free communities, namely, that each unit, whether weak or strong for its own protection, is regarded as equal to each other unit "in the eye of the law." I am not supposing the existence of a fully effective international law in the near future. All that I postulate is that, in whatever principles may be propounded to regulate the future interdependence of nations, the weak shall have the same consideration as the strong. The nations themselves must have that right to define their own liberty, that is, their claim to equality among the rest, which Mr. Balfour has advocated for the nationalities subject to the imperial authority of Austro-Hungary.

The Stockholm Curtain-Raiser

By Austin Harrison

THE Henderson incident will no doubt be styled by some another brilliant victory, others will see in it comic opera. In either case it has cleared the air, and we now know a little where this country stands with regard to Stockholm, and secondly with regard to the methods of Government which control our destinies. The question of method is important, and those who desire to retain some independence of mind at this hour will find in the little curtain-raiser a useful moral.

In reality the whole thing turned on the question, whether Labour was to go to Stockholm or not—Russia was only the incidental music. The Prime Minister did not want Labour to go, Mr. Henderson, who had been to Russia and who presumably understood more or less the difficulties besetting Kerensky and the complications confronting Russia, came back at the end of July with the opinion that Labour ought to go to Stockholm "consultatively," whereat the fun began. The Prime Minister went to Paris and dodged Henderson, then Mr. Henderson went to Paris and dodged the Prime Minister. Then he offered to resign, but Mr. George refused to accept the offer, obviously because he thought he could outmanœuvre the "plain blunt" man of Labour, and so Mr. Henderson was kept waiting on the doormat for an hour while the "gentry" decided what they should do with him. But still nothing was settled. Mr. Henderson was forgiven, so to speak, and the matter was referred to the Labour Conference.

Clearly Mr. George at first thought he had bill-hooked Mr. Henderson, and great pressure was brought to bear upon him, but finding that he was not to be coerced the Press

was turned on. The Great Kadaver organ, as the *Times* may in the future be known, practically told Mr. Henderson he could regard himself as dismissed. The poor fellow almost got the Georgian Knock-out, for finally the Prime Minister went for him in a letter and gave him a good talking-to. Old Democracy received a leathering from the Old Diplomacy and Mr. Henderson had to quit. He was accused of not informing the Labour Conference of a letter at first reported to have come from Kerensky repudiating Russia's desire for a Socialists' Conference, but subsequently the letter was admitted not to have emanated from Kerensky, and in any case not to represent Russian opinion, and so the muddle continued until the second Labour Conference, Aug. 21, when a majority of 3,000 confirmed Labour's attitude towards Stockholm.

What does all this comedy mean? It means simply that Mr. George tried to hookwink Democracy into throwing down Stockholm, for which purpose a letter was "contraptioned" intended to frighten Mr. Henderson into Ministerial obedience. Nothing more. In reality, of course, Kerensky has not changed his views in the slightest. Russia wants the Conference. The Russian situation has not changed to suit Mr. George, and so Mr Henderson fell, "fired," as they say in Fleet Street, because he would not play Mr. George's game of deceiving the British Democracy. The net result of this "catch me" politics is not creditable. In Russia it will certainly not improve Kerensky's most difficult position. Here it must tend to force Labour away from the Government, even as it deprives Mr. George of his last supporting phalanx. For henceforth Mr. George, as brave as brave can be, stands in the hands of the extremists, on the right hand of Sir Edward Carson, and on the left hand of Sir Alfred Moritz Mond. The three musketeers! One thinks of the old adage, "Who put them there?" But there they are, for Mr. Barnes is sitting on a pitchfork now that Henderson has been knocked-out, and may soon find his position untenable, in which case the problem that will arise, is, what next?

The Government may deem it expedient to prevent Labour from going to Stockholm by trying an election; on

the other hand, I have heard responsible men say that there is to be an Allied War Council soon, and that there great wisdom will be spoken with the object of anticipating the labours of Stockholm and neutralising its decisions. But we know nothing. All that we do know is that Mr. George is the captain of the musketeers, and that secret diplomacy is more secretive and baffling than ever. Even the German agitator, the ruffian Morel, whom I heard Lord Cromer honour at a celebration luncheon as a "true Englishman," cannot aspire to unravel the subterranean mysteries of Downing Street *plus* its Kindergarten, and perhaps the safest way is to admit that we know nothing; that we, the public, have no right of say in the war; and that all is for the best so long as Horatio Bottomley cheers us up on the Sabbath and the "little Welshman" is free to purify the English language. We ought not to know anything—at least, that is what I gather as the result of a perspiring attempt to understand something. All we, Democracy, that is, have to do is to shout "pro-German" and follow our leader.

Thus the Pope. The Kadaver organ tells him bluntly he is a pro-German. Thus Stockholm. "It's pro-German." Thus Mr. Gerard's figures about the German armies. They are "pro-German" effectives. Thus submarine losses. The German claims are "blarney," Mr. Lloyd George informs us in a rocket delivery of generalisations. Pro-German! If so, then why this anxiety about ships? Why does Mr. George allow Lord Beresford to alarm us? Why no sugar? Why did Lord Rhondda fix meat prices in such a hurry that he forgot to fix the price of foodstuffs? Why fuss? Can anyone explain anything? Mond, Carson, George, and Milner tell us everything is pro-German, and we must believe them because we know nothing and these (All) Englishmen know all. If Henderson goes to Russia to learn, and comes back with an opinion, it does not matter if it is a pro-German one. He has caught the disease, that is all. Captain Tupper rules England to-day. He acts. He won't sail the fellows whom Mrs. Pankhurst, fantastically enough from Petrograd, condemns. What does Henderson know? He went to Russia, where Lenin, the pro-German, lives. It is obvious. Per-

haps Mr. Henderson ate a sausage, one of the Kadaver sausages. Who knows? Lord Curzon believes in the Kadaver lie. The Pope does not. Ah! now we can see. Stockholm—the Pope—Henderson and that wicked man Smillie—the thing is as clear as daylight. It's a German machination. Perhaps Massingham is in it. Germany's natural boundary is the Rhine, Sir Edward Carson tells us, and any delineation short of that is pro-German, and that is the long and short of it.

I wish to heaven our Ministers would sometimes think before they speak. To talk of natural boundaries is historically rather dangerous in the case of Germany, for the whole Pan-German case is built up on the right of historical reclamation; and if that is to be our case before an International Tribunal, even Sir Edward will find it difficult to convince the jury. That argument "dished" the Head of Eton once. Surely a geographical expert such as Sir E. Carson knows that racial tangents are dangerous things to play with. He may retort that "I am a pro-German." If so, let me ask him why in the years 1913–14, when European war was threatening and monthly growing more inevitable, he failed to support me in warning this country, but rather was the instigator in deflecting its attention to Ireland, thereby greatly facilitating the German plan, which was to fight Europe *without* Britain. But for the Ulster Irish question we in England would have followed European affairs. Mr. George might have learnt something about diplomacy and recognised the peril; might in positive fact have changed the course of history by stating firmly Britain's attitude in the event of war. But we saw nothing, because of Ireland. Sir E. Carson engrossed our attention and turned it upon Ireland. His responsibility is a double one. Assuredly one day he will have to answer for it. But at this hour it is not for him to talk of natural boundaries, for historically Ulster dates but three hundred years ago, and I question if he would care to argue the historical justice of "Jimmy's" policy of territorial settlement before the new thought of Democracy. For Hendersons no doubt will come and go, and Stockholm itself may be as big a farce as its inception, but Democracy will now continue to grow as a European idea, leading possibly to

a new international statement of policy and to a new conception of statesmanship. Of that there can be little doubt. Even Mr. George talks of a Democratic victory.

The war is gradually pointing the way to the new ideals of mankind. It broke out as the culminating clash between Feudalism, as represented by the German Emperor, and the vague, unformulated aspirations of Democracy chiefly represented through Commercialism. To-day the struggle can only end in two ways. Either it goes on to its relentless end on the lines of physical force until one or other of the opposing groups of civilisations are utterly exhausted morally, economically, militarily, and politically, or Europe will agree to end the war by reconciliation and reconstruction. At this hour, with but a few weeks more of fighting before us, that is the prospect before us all; that is the problem we have to face; that is the solution we have to make up our minds to solve.

The physical end of the war in reality can only be regarded as a whole, or part of two conflicting wholes, for it is absolutely certain now that this is no one nation's war, and so cannot be decided either by us, for example, or by Turkey, to take the opposite extreme, so vast are the issues involved, so fierce are the antagonistic interests provoked. We are apt to talk of the war as our war. That is a mistake. We entered the war for a principle—the greatest of all human principles—Life. With a splendid enthusiasm for impersonal right we took up arms to prevent the imposition of Force as the European doctrine of peoples. It was to defeat Pan-Germanism that we accepted the German challenge. In every sense of the word, war on our part was impersonal. What is at stake then is simply the form of civilisation that Europe is to accept as the result of this conflagration. Had the Germans won, the result would have been another great movement of peoples leading to the Pan-German goal, the subjugation of Western Europe. But this end is to-day definitely frustrated—frustrated by our superb sacrifice. Ultimately thus the Germans are already beaten, because they know they cannot realise their aims; they cannot hope even to satisfy

their ambitions; all they can now achieve is at best the *status quo*. That is the exact position so far as Germany is concerned. Moreover, they have officially accepted that formula as their position.

The question to-day is: What is the Allied position? But here the major question arises: What ultimately is our objective? Is it the self-satisfaction of Waterloo, or is it the future of Europe?

In other words, what kind of a peace do we want? There are only two kinds of peace obtainable. We either win to peace through victory, through the complete crushing of German-Austrian arms, that is, in which case we shall be at liberty to impose any conditions we may consider right; or we attempt to bring the Germans into a constructive peace in the interests of the European future. The physical peace will probably take us two years to enforce, perhaps three years, certainly will not be obtainable before the late summer of 1918; and then we have to consider the result. For that is essential. A peace which crushed and humiliated Germany could only be *temporary* unless all Europe remained on the watch, armed to the teeth, ready at twenty-four hours' notice to march into Germany at the first sign of trouble; and also provided that the existing group of Entente alliances *remained in force* to act as a European police: which is by no means a certainty.

If, for instance, we take Alsace-Lorraine by force and hand the provinces back to France, then we in Britain will have to maintain a permanent army of at least a million strong, and probably keep an army of 500,000 men stationed in France * ready for all eventualities; for that a people of sixty-eight millions will consent to be for ever convicted of defeat is the last thing we may expect from a civilisation whose gospel is force. Yet that is the position so far as Alsace-Lorraine is concerned; and when Sir E. Carson says that Germany's natural boundaries are the Rhine, then such is the prospect before us, realisable

* Clearly because France, alone, would not have the men to resist.

perhaps in two years' time with the aid of America—but only with the aid of America. Physical peace can only create peace if its effects are absolute. If Germany is to be crushed, then we shall have to prepare to *keep her crushed*, otherwise we shall have war again in ten years. So much is obvious. For you cannot crush a great people unless you sterilise the men. The physical issue of this struggle, then, implies a purely *physical sequel*. Knock out Germany, and Germany must be kept knocked out, or she will revive and live to fight again, like any other good dog. And no man who is not bereft of his senses can pretend that this is not the case. The war, then, resolves itself into this simple problem: Is it to be a dog-fight? A dog-fight, seeing that Waterloo is an anachronism.

The other peace is a constructive peace, and that presumably is what Democracy intends to consider at Stockholm. It is what the Pope advocates. It is the kind of peace outlined by Mr. Wilson, for which good end America claimed to have entered the war. Here the issue is equally simple. What is the attitude of Germany? Now do we know? Obviously it turns on that. Unless and until Germany is ready to negotiate in that sense, clearly war must continue; but the signs are not a few that Germany is ready for peace for the best of all reasons, namely, that the soldiers realise the futility of war in modern conditions, and so the necessity of seeking a new attitude towards life not based upon the feudal principle of violence. In his last utterance the German Chancellor accepted the Russian formula so far as Russia was concerned. The words he used were hopeful words. To me it is clear that the Germans want peace, will accept a peace that does not humiliate them, because they have learnt that war does not pay, and that the only hope of a solution lies in construction rather than destruction.

No doubt here the question of punishment comes in. Men reason that such a crime must be duly expiated, and that pains and penalties should be inflicted upon the evil-doers. This is Waterloo thinking. We find it difficult to picture any termination of war that does not end in St.

Helena, but such thought is anachronistic to-day, because the entire conditions of war have changed since Napoleon's days, and the likelihood of any complete capitulation is newspaper war or militarily unscientific. The question of punishment is a side issue. In reality Germany has punished herself, and those who would make no peace until Germany is punished are not the soldiers, and generally speak from armchairs with rather archaic pomposity. The new Democracy will not consider these pundits. Those who desire a constructive peace—and the man who does not desire such a peace, to my mind, must be a lunatic—must aim now at principle, not at passion. They must think for the living, not for the dead. They must see the whole, not a part. They must decide upon the future, not the present; for it is the future which really is the issue.

That issue is the future of Europe. War either leaves a mutilated, savage, unsatisfied Europe pledged to war, or it lays the foundations of a new order of life. Peace either leaves the old diplomacy free to bring about fresh war in the old secret conditions, or we have what may be called a Democratic settlement, leaving a Europe in some way at least conditioned and controlled by the new spirit of Man—Democracy. The one way means that Europe will have learnt nothing; the other that Europe, at any rate, has decided to try new methods and start from new principles, in which case the co-operation of Germany is the indispensable condition.

It comes to this. We either fight on, say, for a couple of years and leave Europe much as it was before 1914, only more bitter and with a far more potentially dangerous an explosive force, or we try to establish reasonable relations based on an international settlement acceptable and accepted by all. Waterloo-thinkers will no doubt desire the physical solution, no matter how many lives are sacrificed in the attempt, but I fancy that Democracy, now that Russia has shown the way, will seek the rational issue in the hope of achieving not merely a physical victory, but a moral or people's victory, in which Europe may find something in the nature of an international equation. I do not

suppose that Stockholm will do more than propound the problem. But at least it will break the spell of secret government. It will place the question. It will give men the long months of winter in which to consider the gravest problem in modern history and work for a hopeful solution. Stockholm, therefore, can in no case do harm. The real doubt is: Can it do any good?

Perhaps Captain Tupper will refuse to sail the delegates. If so, then plainly he is the man marked out as the next Prime Minister, as the one strong man in the country —at last.

Ireland

By Austin Harrison

It was an evening of almost Eastern beauty, and as we sat on the verandah of our hotel, watching the gathering night curiously punctuated by a shaft of light which struck across the tops of a row of houses on the hill like a bar, we could have wished for no more peaceful spot in Europe than the little town of Kilkenny. We had gone there to see a Sinn Fein election, to witness, we were told, a fight, yet all that day we had walked about and found nothing eventful, and, but for the tricolour flag and the usual signs of electioneering activity, it would have baffled even the inventiveness of an Irish military collector of statistics to discover anything sinister or suspicious. Save, perhaps, for one thing—the police. Posses of Irish constabulary stood with their fine straight backs holding, as it were, the strategic points of the town, and they walked in couples, and I could not help wondering why there were so many of them or what it was exactly they were stationed there to do. Otherwise Kilkenny, once a flourishing town of forty thousand, but now reduced by emigration to about eleven thousand, presented no untoward aspect whatever, and I had begun to wonder how I was to pass the time in such calm surroundings till the day of the poll came round, which was to decide whether Cosgrave or the local man was to be "up" (as they say in Ireland).

While I was so cogitating there shuffled past us a picturesque figure with a concertina. A man in rags yet with the allure of a poet, his head finely poised, the eyes ardent and mystic, and as he began to play that truly awful instrument with a softness not generally associated with it, we called out to him to give us some Irish airs. He played "The Soldiers' Song" and, at the request of an Irishman who had not visited Ireland for thirty years and was feeling sentimental, "The Wearing of the Green" and other

melodies, whereat suddenly a couple of policemen appeared before us and ordered him to desist. We protested. We had asked him to play. But authority would hear no excuse. "The man knows he is not allowed to play those tunes," we were told. For a second there was a tension. One or two men standing near groaned; the musician threw up his arms and slunk away; we returned to our coffee disturbed, not understanding, ashamed.

I say ashamed deliberately. Was this Ireland? Was this the civilisation for which we declare we are fighting in the name of liberty and nationality? A cripple bard not allowed to play Irish national airs on a concertina! This, in the British Empire! We sit in silence. We speak of Parnell. I think somehow of Yeats in a velvet jacket in London drawing-rooms. Ah, how little do we Englishmen know of the truth of Ireland! We go there to hunt; to shoot; to "do" Killarney, the "King's tour"; to amuse ourselves. We do not go there to observe: to think: to realise.

My friend cannot understand. "Are we in Russia?" he questions. The whole difference of race looms up before us. This is oppression, stupid oppression.

An old man in the street we talk to tells us of the former glory of the city. It is gone. The young men are gone. All round the present town the ruins of Kilkenny's former greatness testify to the decay. Nothing doing. It is the blood-cry of Ireland. All that evening and far into the night we talk of the man with his concertina driven away like a hound for playing an Irish tune. It offends us. As I lie in bed that night I cannot help asking myself why it is that Mr. Lloyd George, the Welshman, does not himself go to Ireland and see on the spot this police government, these Cossack conditions, the pity of it. He would be the first man to cry out against this shame. Why does he not go there and talk to the people, see what it all means, and think—think?

The next day I learn more. I visit the offices of the paper, *The Kilkenny People*, and see the plant removed and, some of it, even destroyed by the military. This incident started the election. Soldiers lined the streets: it was a military operation. The plant was "put out of action," thereby preventing the company from fulfilling its

jobbing contracts and placing thirty men out of work. A military act, that is the point, performed by English soldiers. I talk to the proprietor, Mr. Keane, who, not unnaturally, found himself the hero of the hour. I speak to his lawyer, who complains that his offer of guarantees is not responded to, and what strikes me profoundly is the foolishness of this work of oppression, so that in a rage at our English stupidity I wire to Mr. Lloyd George, urging him to reconsider the matter.

For this, I can see, is making Sinn Fein. It gave Cosgrave the election. In fact, there was hardly a contest, though it was a difficult seat for the new policy, and for the first time an urban constituency. Sinn Fein literally held the town. I study the movement. I notice that it is highly disciplined. The complete absence of drunkenness is remarkable. I sound an enormous sergeant. "It's due to Sinn Fein," he answers. Discipline is of the essence of the movement. Not a man in the whole place worse for liquor—could we say as much of any constituency in our elections?

All the young women are for Sinn Fein. In the procession which marches round the city on the eve of the poll the girls march with the men, five abreast, with a true military swing. There is no trace of disorder. Hilarity is the note. The Sinn Feiners have their own police, their own pickets. The watchword is: "No disorder." Not a policeman has anything to do. It is a ridiculously quiet election for the home of the fighting "cats." I find the English officers, posted for eventualities, do not relish the police job. Every man in the regiment has his good friend in town, they inform us; they are men who have been to the Front. "Why?" they ask me, as if it was my fault, "do we not give them their Government?" and I echo with them—why?

Cosgrave walks in, but I do not wait for the result; it is a foregone conclusion. Over the whole election I see the strange half-crippled form of the player of the concertina forbidden to play the old Irish tunes, playing them no doubt in secret, on the hills, in the only way permitted to the people, and as I think of it an immense indignation overcomes me.

While Mr. Lloyd George talks to the world of Demo-

cracy and Liberty, the Irish may not play their own tunes. At this moment Ireland presents the features of a country "in occupation." In the shops one sees the young priests buying photographs of the "martyrs" of Easter Week. Everywhere there is suspicion. Mystery and mystification choke free speech. Ireland to-day reminds me exactly of Russia in 1905. Spies here, counter-spies there. Secrecy is a habit. It becomes a joke. On what side is the hotel hall-porter spying? Are those two men lurking about the hotel Government spies or Sinn Fein spies? The waiters seem to be listening at table. The people sitting next to one seem to be listening. Even the women appear to be political agents of some kind or another. "Are you in S.S.?" a friend I meet asks me. I meet another friend. I purposely put the S.S. question to him. He does not like it. A joke, I explain. "We don't joke here," he retorts; and again I am left wondering, for I had thought that Ireland was the land of practical jokes and that blarney was the white stone of Erin. That night someone on the telephone rings me up and tells me there is to be a row.

Mr. Cosgrave has returned to Dublin, that is the cause, and there are to be celebrations. We go out at 10.30 p.m. to Westmoreland Street (in Dublin), where we find a mixed crowd awaiting the arrival of the Sinn Fein candidate. But the police are in force. Mr. Cosgrave does not appear. The crowd, composed mostly of young girls and youths, sing songs and gradually dwindle, then later there is a baton charge. For no special reason. A young man lies on the pavement, senseless, surrounded by a knot of chattering people. A few paces off the police stand lined up. There the lad lies—knocked out. An hour later an ambulance arrives and takes him to hospital. Method! The Cossack method. Again I wonder whether the emotional Welsh Prime Minister knows of our police government in Ireland. I have seen Cossacks do that in Petrograd. I am puzzled. There was no riot. There was no reason for any violence or excuse for it. If any particular individual was unruly, why not arrest him? But to knock a man out and leave him like a dog in the street seems a queer way in the Empire of Liberty. I never saw the Berlin police do that. I go to bed that night ashamed. I talk to a

soldier in the hotel. He laughs. "Fine chaps, the Dublin police," he says; "expect they were annoyed being kept up so late."

Perhaps. But why is this fine body of men not at the Front, knocking down Germans? I try to obtain a perspective. Eighty thousand soldiers in Ireland, eighteen thousand police. That is the plus on the balance. The minus is Sinn Fein, now an emotional wave sweeping across the country, and the result is the unknown quantity. I sum up what I have felt in the course of a week. The crippled player of national airs; the tricolour flag; the disciplined election supported by the young priests and the young women; the man lying senseless on the Dublin pavement; the hideous slums of Dublin with its thirty thousand hovels; the spying and mystification, the atmosphere of suspicion, unrest; the sward of Phœnix Park with its derivative baton charge; the printer showing me his injured linotype machine; the coal pit near Kilkenny still waiting for a railway, blocked because of the want of local government; the ruins in the centre of Dublin; the decay in the towns; the poverty and want and the misunderstanding of centuries.

Can this continue? Can this be allowed to continue? No. In Ireland our good faith is at stake. The settlement of the Irish problem is the justification of our cause. We have to face that now. Fortunately, I feel that in the Convention there is genuine ground for hope.

The Irish question is, of course, largely economic. Take the matter of railways. Transport rates are 37 per cent. higher than in England. It is cheaper to send cattle by road than by rail; cheaper to take coal from Scotland to a seaport than to get it ten miles inland; cheaper to carry goods to England and have them reshipped to Ireland at English rates than to pay the Irish rates. A parcel can travel five hundred miles in England for half the price it costs for thirty miles in Ireland. Whereas in England average passenger rates are $8\frac{1}{2}d.$, in Ireland they are $1s.\ 3\frac{1}{2}d.$, etc. And why? Because of the railway monopoly run for the shareholders, thereby crushing Irish industries. The economic scandal of Ireland is merely the result of Castle Government, which naturally has not thought in economics. The case of Ireland's chief coal pit—at Castle-

comer—deprived of a railway is a flagrant example. It cannot get on. Good anthracite seams—it does not pay to work them. The colliery works at a quarter pressure—and this in the hour of European coal famine! Politics, Castle Government indifference, block the railway, though it is merely the question of a slip line of eleven miles. And so the folk of Kilkenny get their coal by horse—a distance of twelve miles. It is impossible to pay the most cursory visit to Ireland without realising the absence of an economic policy, the backwardness of things, and the stagnation of life as a consequence.

More. The starvation. There are said to be eighty thousand people in Dublin living in starvation conditions, the equal of our garrison in Ireland. The milk supply of Dublin is a public scandal; it threatens to become a menace. A large proportion of the people are living on bread and tea. At this moment the most serious problem is the bringing up of the children. There are children literally starving to-day in Dublin. There are many children suffering from insufficient rations. The death-rate is high. Without a doubt Dublin is faced with an acute economic problem which is the result in great part of our neglect of industrial conditions, our indifference to a country struggling with adverse circumstances aggravated by war. It is this aspect of the problem which has caused the intellect of young Ireland to become Sinn Fein. Easter Week came from Dublin's slums. Does Mr. Lloyd George know this? Do we in the least realise it here?

All over Ireland—derelict mills, decayed cities, traces of former industry. Quarries unworked, woollen down, glass languishing, harbours unutilised. Do we know that Ireland is one of the most backward countries in Europe; that Ireland is taxed higher than Switzerland; that the railway monopoly has crushed out initiative, and that *we* are responsible for all this sadness? It is a terrible indictment.

Wages are low; the strikes in Cork are symptomatic signs of the growing problem. It is useless for us to say that the solution is military service, and that unless Irishmen are prepared to fight Irishmen can starve. We cannot afford that attitude. The world is watching us. Ireland

is indeed the test of our specifically English civilisation, and if we fail there history will condemn us. The feeling in Ireland to-day is Sinn Fein, "ourselves alone." It differs from other movements in that it is strictly national and not personal, as the Parnell Home Rule movement was. It is thus far more potential. In a real sense it may be called national socialism. Its flames derive from the shooting of the poets and prisoners of Easter Week. Its effects are already admitted to be social. There is a great decrease in drink. All those who have intimate knowledge of Irish life agree that Sinn Fein at present is bent on organisation and order, not on disorder, and that it will endure to the limits of what is known in Ireland as administrative provocation.

That is the danger at the present time.

The danger lies in the anomaly that Sinn Fein is not recognised as a Party.

On both sides the memory of the Easter rising is strong. The Sinn Feiners appeal to the peculiar Irish passion for martyrdom; we, not unnaturally, feel bitter at a revolt in the middle of war associated, as it undoubtedly was, with German machinations. That is the position, and, pending the result of the Convention, which on the whole promises good fruit, such is the danger; for what we have to bear in mind is that Sinn Fein as a doctrine or policy is gathering adherents rapidly all the time, yet, being regarded as a revolutionary movement, is treated accordingly, with all the fatal consequences of secrecy and oppression, with the additional eccentricity that it is rendering the position of the Nationalist Party one of extraordinary difficulty, the faster and the wider-spread the ground slips from under their feet.

The position in Ireland thus is this. The Government Castle rule is now recognised by all as doomed, yet still that Government exists, and still it has to govern; and against it there stands ranged Sinn Fein, which the Government regards as a revolutionary party, and so without status. Between these there is Nationalism, which probably at the polls would not return ten members.

I omit all mention of the Ulster problem, except to say this: that I found in Ireland in moderate quarters a growing conviction that just as the idea of partition was

condemned by both North and South, so the feeling of concord between the two peoples, as distinct from the political motives which have done so much to divide them, was growing into an outlook of reasonable harmony.

So far as the religious antagonism is concerned, I was agreeably astonished. We greatly exaggerate its importance in England. I found Catholics on the most friendly terms with Protestants. As the economic problem of Ireland rises in the foreground, so the religious difficulty tends to disappear. I would even hazard the opinion that Ulster's or Belfast's deprecation of the South is in substance more economic than religious—more due, that is, to the temperament of the two races in regard to disposition and capacity of work—and but for the political side of the question, which in the case of Ulster has been made the chief programme of English Tory politics, in no sense presents insuperable difficulties of union or common tolerance.

To go back to Sinn Fein which as the cry to-day of Young Ireland is the root of the Irish problem. Now it is clear that if we are faced by a national movement, which in its existing form is an emotion rather than a policy, and that movement is not recognised as constitutional, and so is driven further and further underground, the elements of trouble, of conspiracy, of subterranean plot and counter-plot are present, heading for anarchy and all the disastrous eccentricities of discontent, which as they develop tend more and more to undermine the middle path of Nationalism, and so thrust the country into two sharply opposing camps—the governors and the governed.

The result is thus a triangular confusion. Nationalism, bereft of its following, opposing Castle rule yet opposing Sinn Fein, finds itself in an anomalous position, in which the personal equation is bound to play its unhappy part. And this resentment on the part of Nationalism cuts both ways. It encourages Sinn Fein, which thus can point to the Party which "has sold the people," as the cry goes; which stands unquestionably convicted of corruption and jobbery; in a word, which, from the strict national point of view, is "found out." And, again, it encourages Phœnix Park in its military rule, which is to-day the government of Ireland. On the top of this there is the Ulster question.

Behind it all there is Irish-America. Aggravating the whole, the economic problem threatens to become increasingly persistent and calamitous.

Now if we in England take the view—which I believe the great majority of responsible Englishmen to-day do—that somehow a solution must be found, even if the Convention fails to secure a positive result, our course should be perfectly clear, and it should be our first duty to declare our attitude and at all costs adhere to it. At this moment in Ireland the Government is not defined. It proceeds in secret ways, by military orders and, as usual in such conditions, on eccentric lines. The leaders of Easter Week are released, yet now arrests are being made daily. We suppress a Kilkenny newspaper, yet all the papers report Mr. de Valera's speeches. One obscure individual is arrested for uttering words which are the commonplaces of the leaders. We have now prohibited the carrying of all weapons—hurleys, for instance—but we have not seized the guns known to be secreted in Ulster, known to be kept by Ulster M.P.'s. Gradually the reins of government are being tightened. Men are arrested at midnight, as in Tsarist Russia, and probably every arrest makes a hundred Sinn Feiners. It is not government I complain of. The question of government at this hour is exceedingly difficult. There are some who are urging ruthless suppression, others advocate complete leniency—between the two the Castle has a complex task. The point I desire to make is that there is no *consistency of government*. It acts arbitrarily. No man knows what it will do next, what man it will arrest, what man it will refrain from arresting. Orders are issued which are not carried out consistently. The result is a growing bitterness, a sense of injustice, a feeling of suspicion, an atmosphere of terrorism.*

Having pardoned the leaders of Sinn Fein and allowed them to return to their movement, it is utterly inconsistent to arrest their subordinates, to continue to treat Sinn Fein as a revolutionary movement, as is the case to-day. The physical force business was begun by Ulster and supported by English Tories and Members of Parliament. To allow

* Why have fully-equipped armoured cars been brought over? Is this Bairnsfatherism or Milner?

Ulster to retain its weapons and arrest Sinn Fein Nationalists for possessing them is not logical or just, and certainly not likely to help matters. If the application of policy was equitable Irishmen would not complain, for above all things the Irish understand logic. But the application is not equitable. It leaves Ulster with its arms, while depriving Sinn Fein of theirs. Sinn Fein is not one whit more revolutionary than was the Ulster Covenant movement. But we have not so treated it, and until we show the Irish that either we mean to rule Ireland *in toto* properly or clear out, we cannot hope to dissipate the feeling of resentment which to-day finds its expression in Sinn Fein.

It is the great danger of provocation that we have to guard against if we possess any sense left, for every repressive measure against Sinn Fein automatically reacts against Party Nationalism, and automatically swells the volume of insurrectionary bias. Not that I think Sinn Fein contemplates violence. The very contrary, I believe, is the case. All the leaders of Sinn Fein are now preaching discipline, order, organisation—constitutionalism. There is no danger of another rising, but there is real danger of a Sinn Fein feeling so powerful and unanimous that it would repudiate the finding of any Convention which was not representative of Sinn Fein: which the present Convention, admirable as it is in many respects, unquestionably is not. Not to realise that is to misunderstand the situation. For that reason our policy, pending the judgment of the Convention, should be one of firm but conciliatory detachment.

It is a certainty that Castle rule will have to go. If that is the case, why these provocative measures? Why this police provocation, of which I could cite various highly discreditable instances? We are merely complicating the problem by the present policy of inconsistency and unfairness. What struck me forcibly was the strong discipline among responsible Sinn Feiners, who to-day are fully conscious of their power and are the last people likely to jeopardise the reality of the movement by futile attempts at rebellion. But in Ireland I heard ugly rumours. I met people there who are agitating to create trouble. I came across political firebrands and incendiaries who seemed to think the only solution lay in Cossack ruthless-

ness, and were openly working to instil that poison into the ring in Phœnix Park.* I heard too often that foolish phrase, "the strong hand." Under military government we know what that means. But it would be fatal in Ireland to-day—fatal because of the international situation, fatal to the very creed of our Empire.

I came to one or two definite conclusions. One is that if we were to accept Sinn Fein as a Party and place the leaders on their honour, at once there would ensue a detention which would go a long way to restore confidence at present non-existent. Further, that so long as the Convention sits, our policy should be as far as possible non-military. Far better send wounded soldiers to Ireland to recuperate than army corps to act as policemen. The police should be informed that all provocative methods would be summarily dealt with. A serious attempt should be made to rid the country of the vicious espionage system which is a disgrace to our civilisation. A proclamation should be issued inviting Irishmen of all creeds and factions to refrain from all acts contrary to law in the intervening stage between now and the finding of the Convention. And certainly the orders which prevent responsible Sinn Feiners from communicating with America should be rescinded. It is absurd to allow Professor MacNeill out if he is not free to communicate with America. Such measures merely add oil to the flames and facilitate the incendiarism of the irreconcilables, be they in America or in Ireland. The spirit which fears that the price of settlement by the Convention is conscription is deeply held. Everywhere I found the view that any attempt to impose conscription except as the law of an Irish Government constitutionally elected would be fiercely resisted. We have to realise that. It might perhaps have been done after Easter Week. To-day the attempt would be fraught with serious danger, and I found that opinion to be shared by Irishmen fiercely opposed to Sinn Fein, and by Unionists also.

The grievance of Sinn Fein is this fact of ostracism. They are forced to regard themselves as outside the law.

* Moderate Irishmen fear that there is a desire to nullify the Convention on the part of "law and order" extremists, whether military, for military reasons, or the official set who imagine their vested interests to be in danger.

They maintain justly that the Convention is not representative, but at the same time I did not gather that they would repudiate its finding provided a full measure of Home Rule was accorded and that unforeseen circumstances had not in the interval brought about uncontrollable hostility. And this is the peril. Forced underground, Sinn Fein feels itself strong enough to accept the challenge, and may, if it is baited and driven to desperation, feel itself strong enough to bid defiance. We cannot contemplate such a calamity. I am convinced there is not the smallest need for such a contingency. As I see the situation, responsible Sinn Fein is anxious to become a Constitutional Party. Unlike former agitations, it is economic and social in its aims; not a Party of personality, the ultimate objective of which is *interdependence*. No doubt it is difficult to accept that view. But Sinn Fein on the whole talks less extravagance in its elections than we do at any election. The flag is largely a *panache*. The letters I.R. on the tricolour need not signify more than we choose to read in South African Imperialism. Ireland cannot stand outside the Empire. I believe responsible Sinn Fein accepts that attitude. I am sure that de Valera does not contemplate an Ireland which does not trade with England, which therefore is not militarily within the responsibility of Empire. But first he asks for guarantees of our good faith. He demands full Irish autonomy, fiscal and administrative. He speaks of a Republic, but he does not imply a separate military Republic, because such a thing cannot be, and as a strategist he is well aware of it.

For this reason I have returned from Ireland full of hope, however qualified. That the Convention will not labour in vain I am convinced. All sections deplore the existing uncertainty. All men are anxious to come to something like a solution, which is not half so difficult as many of us here are led to believe.

One of the men who are reputed to know best all the intricacies of the Irish situation said to me: "It will depend on the point of provocation." From what I could see, that would seem to be an accurate estimate. Provocation will not now emanate from Sinn Fein, that is the point, for the simple reason that the movement has outgrown the necessity for either martyrdom or physical

sacrifice. If we realise that and make up our minds to "hold the ring," as it were, pending the deliberations of the Convention, the prospects of a happy and new Ireland are real, and may in the truest Imperial sense become constructively enduring.

But if Mr. Duke and Sir Bryan Mahon allow themselves to be swayed by the reactionary forces urging them to "the reconquest of Ireland," then we shall create a crisis the result of which may be disastrous to the name and honour of England. It is our great responsibility. To precipitate bloodshed through belated attempts at firm government, as it is called (it is really police government), would call forth the reprobation of the world and our own Empire would condemn us.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

By the Ionian Sea. By George Gissing. Chapman and Hall. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

It will be glad news for many that this book, so long unprocurable save by the luck of the second-hand stall, has now been reissued in pocket form, and at a price equally appealing to that receptacle. *By the Ionian Sea* is at once the most truly characteristic and the happiest of Gissing's writings. Happiness radiates from it; the happiness of adventure and attainment of the long-wished-for. Even the hazardous experience of those days of fever at Cotrone have their compensations in the general interest of the uncivilised sick-room to its occupant. And when the invalid recovers and goes upward rejoicing, how one's heart lightens with his, and with what mutual zest do author and reader exalt in the health-giving airs of the mountain and the courtesy of its people. Now, especially, when the doors of the temple of travel have to most of us been so long closed, this vicarious voyage is well worth the half-crown that is its modest fare.

Books and Persons. By Arnold Bennett. Chatto and Windus. 5*s.* net.

Into this pleasant volume Mr. Bennett has collected a selection from those amiable articles with which "Jacob Tonson" enlivened the *New Age* between the years 1908–1911. Comments on a past epoch, he calls them here; comments, one may add, that will agreeably refresh your memory of much that the epoch so deafeningly and overwhelmingly present has put out of mind. Especially is it good to read again the crisp and spirited dealings of Mr. Arnold Jacob Bennett-Tonson with the publications of his contemporaries. So much book-reviewing is fated (usually deservedly) to oblivion, as the shadow of a shade, that one is the more glad that criticism of the higher quality, work of

the critic as artist, should be preserved. And Mr. Bennett-Tonson at his best is excellent fun. "In the days before the *Academy* blended the characteristics of a comic paper with those of a journal of dogmatic theology. . . ." This is how he starts a sentence on p. 4; and in another paper on "The Book Buyer" it was with delight that I read again a phrase recalled gratefully these nearly ten years: "He whom I am anxious to meet is the man who will not willingly let die the author who is not yet dead." A most companionable book. A. E.

FICTION

SOLDIER MEN. By YEO. John Lane. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

We know the externals of war from hundreds of thousands of photographs and films. We know and love the Army's little moods and modesties, but in these stories of Yeo's soldier men we have a real and intimate sense of participation in the things which our boys conspire to conceal. Yeo is an artist as well as a soldier. There are not many writers who could write "Second Lieutenant Vereker" or "The Magnet," and do the grousing, grubby, Bairnsfather Tommies as well.

THE NURSERY. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Heinemann. 6*s.* net.

Mr. Phillpotts makes a journey into Essex, and the fruit thereof is *The Nursery*—the nursery of gardening, of oyster-fishing, of the strugglings of men and women. Some will say that he took with him his characters: talkative, disreputable creatures who discuss big problems most learnedly in the side lanes and inns of Devonshire. That may be, but it is a more sympathetic Mr. Phillpotts who watches their comings and goings and records their doings. True he censures and praises; he censures brutally and praises humbly. For the gipsy woman who has consorted with a murderer and who takes to religion, and for a pacifist Quaker woman there is deep and sincere sympathy; for the wicked pretender there is scorn and satire. Altogether *The Nursery* is a great tale; and the reviewer prays that

Mr. Phillpotts will stay in Essex what time it will take him to write three more novels about these elemental people.

FURTHER FOOLISHNESS. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. John Lane. 3*s*. 6*d*.

One does not pause to analyse the exact type of North American humour which is the medium of this genuinely funny Canadian writer; one just chuckles over the whimsical thoughts quaintly presented. Mr. Leacock wastes no effort in being brilliant or arresting in his gesture. He has little of the vices of the professional humorist; he just sees the fun in things, all sorts of things, from ladies' papers and modern fiction to Germany, Turkey, and Mexico, and he sees it all so clearly and jovially that his readers see it too, and are grateful.

POETRY

THE PLAYS OF EMILE VERHAEREN. London: Constable. 6*s*. net.

This is a volume that will be welcomed as much from the timely moment of its appearance as for its contents. Of the four plays that it contains (each with its own translator) only one—*The Cloister*—can be called in any degree familiar to the English theatrical public. This exception is due chiefly to the enterprise of Mr. Esmé Percy, who, having induced that adventurous and courageous lady, Miss Horniman, to mount *The Cloister* for a week at the Manchester Gaiety, subsequently played it on tour with his own company. That the result was a very notable artistic success by no means proves Verhaeren to be a great dramatist. This volume, indeed, proclaims the contrary. The main idea of each of the four plays is at once too large and too slender for strict dramatic treatment. *The Dawn* (finely rendered into English by Mr. Arthur Symons), with its odd foreshadowing in the 'nineties of the *débâcle* of 1914, must, one thinks, have been somewhat incoherent and baffling in performance. Of the four play-poems *Helen of Sparta* seems at once the most dramatic and the finest poetry. As translated by Mr. Jethro Bithell it has many passages of rare beauty, none more striking than the

short scene of tenderness—an oasis in tragedy—between Menelaus and Helen with its surely deliberate echo:

> "You were the splendour they worshipped, erect at the sky-line;
> And, rising on waves the tempests buffeted, ships
> Lifted their prows to you and plunged through the brine."

Certainly a book worthy its place in any collection of modern poetry.

WAR

UNDER FIRE. By HENRI BARBUSSE. J. M. Dent and Sons. 5*s*. net.

The main theme of this very remarkable book is developed in the prologue spoken from the Pisgah of an Alpine sanatorium by a cosmopolitan gathering of consumptives upon the outbreak of war. In the last chapter its solemn and prophetic note is echoed in the same phrases by the foundered remnants of soldiers drowning in the obscene mud and water of a flooded area of Flanders. Between this prologue and epilogue we get a series of extraordinarily vivid and pointed actualities which out-Zola Zola in their horror and their poignancy. Only an artist who was also a participant could give us such intense pictures of war, and this artist, in his desire to reveal, sometimes becomes too futurist, and presents to the beholder remote and ungainly phantasms of men; but he can write with a perfection of lucidity, and his little pictures, when he is for a moment pictorial, are exquisite. As a commentary upon the grandiose optimism of the press correspondent this revelation of the soul of the *poilu* under the infamous stresses of war, his views on the profiteer and the slacker, and his aspirations for the world which he is winning for his children are, to say the least, educational to stay-at-home spectators. The translator, Mr. Fitzwater Wray, has preserved the Latin terseness even in the slang equivalents.

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